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LORIA



WINTER 1952-53

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LORIA

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WINTER 1952-53

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SURPRISE!

By FLORENCE PYNE '55

The stair tread creaked as I put my weight on it. 'Rene turned around and hushed me impatiently.

"He'll hear you," she said.

"We don't really know if there is anyone down there," I replied, "and if there is I'd just as soon not know."

"What's the matter?" asked Donnie.

"Oh! big feet Barbie is announcing our arrival again," whispered 'Rene, "and unless the burglar is deaf, her size nines have probably scared him off."

"Size nine yourself," I replied with righteous indignation. "I only wear size eight and a half and you know it."

"Shut up and go on down," snapped Donnie and she poked me with the handle of her croquet mallet.

I was in front as usual. They always manage it that way. The three of us have been friends for the past five years. Donnie is the clever member of our trio. 'Rene is the beautiful member and I'm the one who gets chosen to do the dirty work, when there is any to be done. That's why I was in front.

We were all alone in the house. The other girls had gone home for Thanksgiving and the housemother was visiting a friend for the evening, but we had just heard a noise from downstairs. Donnie, of course, decided to investigate. Or to put it more accurately she decided that I should investigate while she and 'Rene admired.

We armed ourselves with croquet mallets and started down. When we arrived at the bottom of the stairs I turned around.

"Look here, ducklings," I stated, "I am not going after this guy alone."

"Of course not," Donnie replied, "we're right behind you."

And 'Rene followed this heartening remark with, "You grab him and we'll get the cops."

"No," I said, "positively and absolutely no!" I stopped for a minute and then continued, "I am not going alone," but of course, I did just what they told me to do. Only it didn't turn out exactly as they expected.

The sound had come from the office of Mrs. Ellmont, the housemother, so I tried there first. The room was in total darkness and I would rather have been anywhere else, but I went in. I lifted the mallet above my head, flashed my light about the room and saw that it was quite empty. I was just about to call out, "There's nobody here!" when someone saved me from being a liar by grabbing me from behind. I knew then the meaning of the expression, "frozen with terror."

A voice whispered in my ear, "Tell them that the room is empty, but that it's a mess and you're going to clean it up. Tell them to go back to bed."

"Go on back to bed girls," I quavered, "the burglar left a mess and I'm going to clean it up before Mrs. Ellmont gets back."

"My how neat!" they said in unison.

"Was anything stolen?" asked Donnie.

"I don't think so."

"Do you want any help?" came from 'Rene in a discouraging tone of voice.

"Would I get any, if I did?"

"Well then let's get to bed," said 'Rene, "but personally I think you're crazy."

They went off to bed and the burglar patted my shoulder.

"You're a smart girl," he said, "Keep on acting smart and you won't get hurt. Go switch on the lights," he continued.

I did as I was told. With the lights on I saw that he was standing within reach of my croquet mallet, so I hit him with it on the wrist. He dropped the gun and grabbed his wrist with his other hand. I grabbed the gun.

"My arm, my arm, you've broken my arm," he howled.

I covered him with the gun and called to Donnie and 'Rene, "now you can call the cops, girls."

"What do you want now, Barbie?" 'Rene said in a bored voice.

"Some cops, police, gendarmes, cossacks, or what ever you want to call," I replied, "any kind will do."

"What ever for," she said.

"I've caught the burglar and you said that when I did you'd call the law."

"But you said he wasn't there."

"He was pointing a gun at me at the time, and I didn't want a hole in my new housecoat," I answered with more bravado than I felt.

"A gun! You mean he has a gun?"

"Had dear, I broke his wrist with my mallet and took it away from him."

She realized then, that I wasn't trying to be funny and she called the police. When they arrived, they were quite impressed with my burglar.

"He's wanted quite badly by the police of at least four states," one of them said, "you should get a nice reward for catching him."

'Rene and Donnie were impressed too.

"I'd have died, or at least fainted," Donnie said.

'Rene asked, "Wasn't it awfully dangerous to take the gun away from him, if you had missed with the mallet wouldn't he have killed you?"

"That's the funny part of it girls," I answered.

"There's nothing funny in being shot," said one of the cops.

"Oh! there was no danger of that," I replied, "this isn't a real gun, it's a cigarette lighter belonging to Mrs. Ellmont. He must have heard me coming into the room and picked it up from the desk. You pull the trigger and the flame comes out of the barrel, see!"

I pulled the trigger but no flame came out of the barrel, instead there was a loud roar, the gun jumped in my hand, and a hole appeared in the wall about a foot from the policeman's head.

His face got very white, "What are you trying to do, kill me?" he asked. At least that's what Donnie and 'Rene say he said. I didn't hear him. I had fainted.

THE AGNOSTIC

*Death Beckons.
You
Slip
Quietly
Into a darkness
dense and Incomprehensible.
If you could
but see as I,
That darkness
is not infinite —
That light
eternal
Lies beyond;
You would not
despair.*

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

THE PROMISE . . .

*The wind gently tugs at the branches of a
tree,*

And poor, helpless leaves fall to earth.

*They beat against the fading grass,
And run to meet the shoes of passers-by.*

Now they are cold and sad,

*But soon—oh, very soon, they will be happy;
Some kind neighbor will rake them together
and set them aflame.*

*And then, the smoke and ash from their
weary*

*Bodies will rise into the wind
And climb back to the God who gave them
life.*

*I am like a helpless autumn leaf, firmly
Caressed by the gentle wind, your love.*

But I too am sad.

*For I know that I must wait for the
Flame of complete surrender to consume me.*

*But then, My Own, the blessed incense of our
love*

*Will rise with the wind, and hover near the
Throne of Love Himself, Who will fulfill
His Word, and send new Life in the Spring.*

MARY DUCA '53



THE TRIUMPH OF TERPSICHORE

By ANNE FALLERT '55

Illustration by ELAINE DURANTE

Ballet has finally conquered Broadway, and has become one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the present day theater. It is no longer an esoteric art limited to a select clique of aesthetic snobs, for it has found its true audience in the amazingly large uninitiated, and varied group that has discovered its tremendous appeal.

Commenting on the exciting development of the ballet in America, John Kobler, in a recent issue of *Holiday*, stated that "... its sudden emergence and swift rise have been among the cultural marvels of the age." This is no wonder, for as he so aptly continues, "Here is the most sensuous entertainment the theater can offer ... ballet perfectly synthesizes the eye-and-ear arts, blending in a golden crucible a compound of painters' designs and colors, of music and drama, of physical power and grace."

The present form of American ballet is the result of many diverse influences and contributing forces that have been at work throughout the first half of the twentieth century. A great deal of unrestricted modern balletic technique has been developed, while much of the traditional romantic and classical element has been retained. However, despite the fact that it is not an original American invention, our representative ballet

is far from being simply an eclectic art form. This is because its spirit which arises from a way of life, a point of view, and a basic orientation that is essentially different from that of any European civilization, makes it an inherently new and distinct art.

It is the spirit or the fundamental idea, and not the subject matter or even the choreographer, which makes an individual ballet American. An excellent example of this is George Balanchine's new production of *Swan Lake* for the New York City Ballet Company, as compared with the original version which was done by Marius Petipa in 1894 for the Marinsky, The Imperial Theater of St. Petersburg. Both versions use Tchaikovsky's score, both have the same story and characters, and there are only relatively minor variations in the choreography (Balanchine's choreography is much more brilliant, indicating by creative imagination and perfection of form his greater artistic genius). Yet the vast difference which exists between the two versions, stems from the respective artist's basic conception, interpretation, and intention which was influenced by the characteristics and nature of the medium for which he was working. Balanchine is not even an American — in fact, he was originally a Georgian which is the next thing to a Russian. However, in his present artistic capacity, he is a free agent working in America, for Americans, inspired by the spirit which has made America. And it is this spirit that places the two versions of *Swan Lake* an immeasurable distance apart.

While ballet as a separate theatrical art was rapidly progressing, parallel dance developments were being accomplished in other media. In the field of musical comedy, a foresighted few were engaged in a long, arduous and until fairly recently unrewarding struggle to integrate the dance, particularly ballet, with the other elements of production.

The early American musical stage was noted for dancing that was of terribly poor quality, completely unintegrated, and sometimes simply non-existent.

The earliest significant production in this field was the sensational musical of 1866, *The Black Crook*, in which elaborate ballet sequences, executed by ballerinas like Marie Bonfanti, were one of the play's most important elements. During the period between the original production and its revival in 1929,

the musical comedy became a well established form of entertainment.

This early period was the era of the lavish extravaganza which was characterized by a full quota of elaborate dance numbers. They had little if anything to do with the rest of the production and their only purpose was to add to the visual splendor of the revues.

This type of dancing was just as discouraging as its function. The most popular style found an outlet in the *Ziegfeld Follies*, George White's *Scandals*, and Earl Carroll's *Fanities*. These revues consistently used well-built and almost mechanical chorus girls simply to provide a living décor. Another trend of the '20s was represented by Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, Clifton Webb and Mary Hay tap dancing in *Sunny*, and still another by the Tiller Girls, an English importation, whose impersonally accurate precision dancing was a forerunner of today's Rockettes. In 1927 when Abertina Rasch presented a traditional ballet for the first time in *Rio Rita*, it was appreciated only as a welcome change from high-kicking acrobatics, and tap routines, not as an expansion of the range of dance expression.

The dance directors at this time did little to help the situation, for despite their skills, they thought in terms of commercial output instead of creative achievement. Because of this attitude, even the work of the classical ballet choreographer, Michel Fokine, under the aegis of Ziegfeld and Gertrude Hoffman was not artistically significant.

By 1930, Broadway's previously uninspired dance evolution began to show some semblance of progress. An important influence was provided by modern concert dancers who made the difficult transition from the intimate recital stage to revue choreography. In 1932, Doris Humphrey's *Water Study* and Charles Weidman's prize fight number, *Ringside*, were both highlights of *Americana*. The next year, Weidman contributed several more dances to *As Thousands Cheer*.

By the mid-thirties, audiences as well as producers were becoming more intelligent and mature in their attitude. Dwight Dere Wiman, in 1936, commissioned George Balanchine, who was at that time director of the American Ballet at the Metropolitan, to choreograph his production of *On Your Toes*. One of the results was the ingenious vehicle for Ray Bolger, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*.

This satiric episode dealing with the lives and loves of gangsters, demonstrated that the ballet could be as lively and vital a medium as swing or hot jazz.

Although *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* provides the real impetus for the integration of ballet into musical comedy, it did not actually achieve this end in itself. That distinction was left for Agnes de Mille to accomplish with her choreography for *Oklahoma*, in 1943.

Where Balanchine was content to build his numbers around the story, Miss de Mille's dancers *were* the story. For the first time, *Oklahoma's* full length dramatic ballet, *Laurie Makes Up Her Mind*, was so integrated with the production as a whole, that it actually carried the plot forward. Through Agnes de Mille, the dance as a legitimate art form had at last reached and revolutionized musical comedy.

The importance of *Oklahoma* in the history of the American theater rests on the fact that it was the first production to achieve a perfect balance and blending of all its contributing elements and to exhibit an almost flawless homogeneity.

Oklahoma was such a commercial success, that the producers while realizing that the ballet was a popular attraction, totally missed the artistic significance of Miss de Mille's accomplishment. Broadway thought of it mainly as a new success formula and thereafter every self-respecting musical included ballet choreography of some sort. But at least the way was opened for the talented young choreographers who immediately followed Agnes de Mille's lead.

The most important members of this new group were Michael Kidd, who produced brilliant dances for *Finian's Rainbow* and *Guys and Dolls*, and Jerome Robbins, who contributed his versatile and creative choreography to *On the Town*, *High Button Shoes*, *Miss Liberty*, and *Call Me Madam*. Agnes de Mille followed her first success with *Allegro*, *Bloomer Girl*, *Carousel*, *Brigadoon*, and *Paint Your Wagon*. These three figures were from the field of ballet, but the modern dance the led of ballet, but the modern dance world was also well represented by the work of Valerie Bettis, Hanya Holm, and Helen Tamiris.

The new trend in musical shows has naturally resulted in two opposing viewpoints. Some critics, such as Arthur Todd, realizing

that dancing has ceased to be an appendage or an after thought and has become a vital integrated element, think that the Broadway musical stage is approaching something very much like the lyric theater. Another group, represented by Beatrice Gottlieb, hold the pessimist view regarding the bad side to this development. They feel that the ballet sequence has become a fad, and like all fads, a nuisance and a bore; and moreover, that musical comedy dancing has again inevitably settled into a few accepted patterns.

These two opinions represent the opposite extremes of all thought on the subject, and the truth probably lies somewhere in between. Broad generalizations can't really be made, because the quality of any production ultimately depends on the talent and ability of the individual contributors.

So many outstanding shows have been produced that the observations of Miss Gottlieb seem unduly pessimistic. A perfect example of the excellent and intelligent utilization of the innovations set in motion by *Oklahoma*, is the still popular production of *The King and I*. The major ballet sequence in this show, *The Small House of Uncle Thomas*, has been unquestionably accepted by all as a remarkably inventive ballet, the product of a unique, creative talent — Jerome Robbins — and the most brilliant single dance of the season.

The form of the dance in musical comedy is at its apex. It can be perfected but it can't be pushed any further without unbalancing the integration that has been achieved. Because of this, the untiring creative artists are looking ahead toward new fields. Helen Tamiris, a major figure in the field of modern dance, has presented her far reaching ideas in an article in *Theatre Arts* magazine:

"The writers of musicals have learned much from the legitimate playwrights in relation to the development of plot and characterization and thereby found the key to the integration of all theatrical elements. So, a good musical is all of a piece, with no interpolations of specialties, imitations, or girls for the sake of girls.

It is time for playwrights to recognize that neither subject matter nor the fact that it is tragedy, comedy, satire, or farce, should prevent him from utilizing any and all media of expression and particularly one of the most eloquent — the Dance."

INCIDENT

Not too many years have gone by since I last came down this road to the beach. In fact, the very last time was that September day at the close of my twelfth summer. As I remember, it was an extraordinary day for that time of year, an afternoon very much like this one. The sun had not yet lost the strength of summer and even the vigorous movements of this same salt breeze couldn't reduce the heat. It must be the timelessness of this salt twang that makes the years roll back so easily: for the spray smells now exactly as it did then.

Nothing very exciting happened that day, at least nothing that seemed very significant then. If you had been there, you might tell me that the incident is not worth remembering, even now. But the passage of time has allowed that day to fill an important gap in the puzzle of my life.

Vague, undefined things like childhood don't usually end on a single day, but mine did and that was the day. It was on that pleasant, ordinary September afternoon that the buoyancy and blind hopefulness of childhood disappeared for the first time, never to return again.

The wild chirping of the birds, in the garden outside woke me early that morning. As I dressed, my first conscious thought was of our plans for the day. Joey, Brian and I were going crabbing — a pursuit decided on the night before when we were looking about for something to do. Swimming and berry picking had lost their early charm and even a lengthy vacation in the country had become tiring.

By MARY SHEA '55

We had gone crabbing several times that summer, but it was still regarded as a novelty. By a long standing agreement, each of us was responsible for a certain part of the necessary equipment. When we met in front of my house, Joey had the net, Brian the bucket and I the bacon that served as bait. In addition, we had an ample supply of tough string and heavy weights, a pack of cards and a bundle of old comic books that we hadn't yet read. Beneath our faded dungarees and warm sweaters, we all wore bathing suits.

It didn't take too long to load up the bikes and we were soon peddling down this very road. Only it wasn't paved then as it is now, and there were no houses along the side. All we could see were trees and sky — and water in the distance. There was no sound except the early morning clacking of the crickets and the banging of Brian's bucket against the handlebars. Joey began to whistle, but Brian and I didn't join in as we usually did. We just listened and pedaled.

When we reached the beach, it was deserted as we knew it would be. We stood the bikes against the fence, took off our shoes and walked across the sand to the dock on the other side. After piling our surplus supplies in one corner, we started to work.

Each of us had a length of string to which we attached some bacon and a weight. Soon three lines were hanging placidly over the side of the dock, and the three of us started to play cards. Periodically, we were interrupted by a quick jerking of one of the lines. At such times, the owner of the line was allotted the delicate task of pulling it in slowly enough so the crab wouldn't realize he was caught, at the same time, the pull couldn't be so slow that the victim would finish the bait and be off. As soon as the crab was close enough to the surface to be seen, one of the boys would swoop him up with the long handled net. The remaining member of the group had to have the pail ready to receive the prize.

During the later part of the morning, one at a time we went off for a swim. The rest of the time we just stretched on the dock, daring the sun to penetrate through several thicknesses of tan.

When the pail was full, we got ready to go home so that the crabs could be cooked before they died. I picked up everything except the bucket which the boys would carry together. But, as I turned to leave the pier, my foot caught in an opening between the twisted boards and I knocked the pail over the side.

Before we fully realized what had happened, the crabs had spread through the water. At first, they moved slowly, but as their lost strength returned, they disappeared

rapidly into the depths, revelling in their freedom.

I waited for the yells from Joey and Brian. But none came. They didn't scream at me, or call me a clumsy girl as they had done so many times before. They didn't even try to get the crabs back as I knew they could have if they had acted quickly. And I didn't feel sorry for what had happened. I wasn't even angry at myself as I would have been any other time during that summer.

The three of us silently looked at the water until the last crab disappeared. Then, Brian said it was all right, that he didn't care very much for crabs anyway. And I knew then that he didn't care, that none of us cared as we once did. Only children care about crabs and we had grown up.

What Is A Freshman?

By MARY BRENNAN '54

A freshman is a lonely soul, desolate and forlorn. She lives in a state of confusion, constantly muddled, harried, frenzied, frantic, flustered, perplexed, and bewildered. She is book-laden, weary, tired, drowsy, sleepy, used up, worn out . . . and so young! The worries of the world rest on her shoulders and her back is stooped to bear the burden. Her fatigue is endless and her worries multiply faster than a pair of rabbits.

Yet, through the misery and the endlessness of it all, she stumbles on with a smile on her face and a gleam of hope in her eyes. For a freshman is ambitious, determined, resolved, firm, energetic, vigorous, zealous, strong-willed, strong-minded, earnest, serious, relentless, and devoted to the cause. She can be as witty as Ogden Nash, as humorous as Will Rogers, as brilliant as John Kiernan, as frisky as a puppy, as sprightly as Peter Pan, and as unpredictable as a girl in love.

Her greatest impediment seems to be that she started out later in life than most of her peers. One of her fondest hopes is that she will catch up with them soon and give them a run for their money. She thinks that the world is holding out all its treasure and wealth to her and that they are hers for the reaching — and you know, she's probably right!

Isn't It A Beautiful Day?

By ANN FALLERT '55

Today is Monday and it's raining. It's a depressing kind of rain that you can't quite get away from even indoors. I'm sitting in my bedroom now, just watching it dribble endlessly down the closed windows. I can hear it splattering incessantly on the roof, and even feel it as its cold dampness penetrates the house. It's really miserable.

But yesterday was different. Yesterday the sun was out, vivid and warm, a strong fresh breeze was blowing and the smell of autumn was in the air. There always seems to be a few Sundays like this every fall, but there couldn't be more than one exactly like yesterday. It was the kind of day when all the elements reach a seasonal perfection that actually creates a physical and emotional response from human beings, the kind of day that brings out the best in people, if they have any good in them.

For no other reason than the weather, they become happy and excited and they get the strongest urges to commune with this exalted nature by taking long walks, or by a drive in the country. Being human, they usually choose the latter because it takes much less effort, and they go riding about gazing avidly at the flaming reds and clashing yellows of the dying foliage. So many of them do follow this urge, that on days like yesterday, the Sunday accident rate rises greatly on all the beautiful parkways leading to the peaceful country. However, that's beside the point.

I might say that we are not among the families that take these Sunday afternoon excursions. We don't have a car, but even if we did it wouldn't make any difference. Anyway, Sunday afternoon is when I do my homework, or at least when I am supposed to do my homework. Yesterday afternoon, I was in my bedroom reading Michener's *Return to Paradise*, purely for pleasure, every now and then thinking that I should be doing my math as-

signment. I probably could have gotten some, but not much, of it done if I had tried hard enough, but it seemed like such a useless waste of time and effort. It's awfully discouraging to spend hours on something, and get no place. After a while, I stopped even thinking about doing it.

My bedroom is on the second floor in the back part of the house, and I could hear the dog barking in the back yard. It had just gotten sick in the living room, it's such a pig about food, and my mother was sitting outside with it reading the Sunday papers. The dog had been barking at one of the neighbor's children, who was most likely doing something horrible, and the neighbor, Mrs. Kennedy, came out to get her child. She greeted my mother with:

"Isn't it a gorgeous day?"

"It's really lovely," my mother answered. "I'm surprised you're not out in your new car on a day like this." (The Kennedys had just bought a new black Ford.) "How do you like it?"

"Oh, we just love it. Tom's going to give me driving lessons," she replied.

"I thought you had a license," my mother said.

"Well, I did," Mrs. Kennedy answered, "but I haven't driven in years, and you know how rusty you get."

"You'll pick it up easily in a car like that. Anyway, driving is like swimming, once you learn you never forget how to do it."

I don't know whether these words of wisdom reassured her, because I'm positive that Mrs. Kennedy never swam a stroke in her life. I didn't hear any more conversation, so I imagine she picked up her child and went back into the house to nag her husband about giving her driving lessons.

I had tried to read my book while these words were being exchanged, but I never can concentrate when people are talking. I always expect them to say something interesting or vital and I'd hate to miss it. I'm almost always disappointed so that by this time I should be used to the fact that most of them are pretty dull creatures. I guess I'm just hard to convince. That's probably because so many fictional characters, or at least authors, are so wonderfully fascinating and intelligent. At this point, in *Return to Paradise*, Michener was describing a South Pacific atoll:

This is the wonder of an atoll, that you are safe within the lagoon while outside the tempest rages. The atoll becomes a symbol of all men seeking refuge, the security of home, the warmth of love. . . . More than a symbol, however, the atoll is a reservoir of tangible beauty. Fleecy clouds hang over it, so that in the dawn it wears a flaming crest of gold. . . . At night stars seem to hover just out of reach, and if there is a moon it does not dance upon the waters. Its reflection lies there passively like a silvered causeway to the opposite shore.

All this, plus 436 pages more of the same. It may not be world-shaking literature, but it sounds pretty good to me since the furthest anyone in my sphere can ever get is: "Isn't it a gorgeous day?" It's true that I'm not living on an atoll, but even if I were — well, people are the same any place, and I'm sure that even the Polynesian words for this expression are in very frequent use. It seems that you just can't get above the triteness and banality no matter how hard you try.

I switched from my book to the Times Drama Section. A wonderful schedule was listed for the ballet at the City Center that night. *Age of Anxiety* was being danced for the last time of the season. I really wanted to see it but I didn't feel like going alone. I decided to call Joan. I was sure we could get balcony seats if we got there early. I went to the phone and dialed her number. Her mother answered.

"Hello, Mrs. Dolan: is Joan there?"

She was in the shower, but got on in a minute or so.

"Hello, Joan? Are you doing anything to-night?"

"Yes. I'm going out with Bob. Why?"

"It wasn't important. New York City Ballet

is giving *Age of Anxiety*, and I thought you might like to go."

"I'm awfully sorry —"

"That's all right. I just thought you might be interested. How's your cold? You don't sound half as hoarse as you did Friday."

"It's much better, thanks. I've been taking aspirin all weekend. Why don't you call Phyllis, she'd probably go with you."

"Maybe I will," I said, but I knew I wouldn't because she would have a date, too and I hate to be disappointed twice.

Well that was that. I said good bye, hung up, and discovered that I was no longer interested in going to the ballet.

I could hear someone else talking to my mother in the yard. It sounded like Mr. Turner.

"Isn't this a wonderful day!" he began.

"It certainly is," my mother answered. "I thought you were away this weekend."

"We were," he replied. "We went up to the country Friday afternoon and drove back this morning. We wanted to miss the afternoon traffic, and of course the kids have to go to school tomorrow."

"It must have been beautiful in the mountains," my mother said.

"The weather was really wonderful," he answered, "but it was pretty cold, and it's just as nice right here."

I would have closed the window and shut them out, but I like lots of air.

I turned on my phonograph and began to play Bartok's Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra. But I couldn't even enjoy that because my uncle, who was in the living room, had turned on the radio and I could hear it blaring through my closed door.

All my uncle did all day, was sit in his chair and think about how sick he thought he was. This would naturally lead to one of his spells. The maddening thing is that he isn't really physically ill, in fact, he takes such good care of himself that he'll probably live to be another Methuselah.

I finally heard him walk to the window and call to my mother.

"Would you mind coming in and talking to me for a while?"

I didn't actually hear the next part, but I'm so used to the routine by this time, that I can easily imagine what was said:

"I feel shaky. Do you think we should call the doctor?" He began this way all the time. I was even beginning to feel sorry for his psychiatrist. However, the doctor didn't have to live with him, so I felt sorrier for myself.

He must have accepted my mother's reassuring reply because I heard him walk back to his chair and turn the radio a little louder.

Some melodramatic announcer began screeching:

"Martin Kane, Private Eye —"

This was unbearable. I opened my door and yelled:

"Will you please turn down that radio!"

He wasn't really listening to it anyway — he can't concentrate on anything but himself.

I tried once more to read my book, but again I was interrupted by another voice speaking to my mother in the yard. It wouldn't have bothered me at this point, except that I couldn't figure out who it was. As

I started toward the window to satisfy my curiosity, I accidentally knocked against my bookcase on top of which were the group of eight fragile Chinese horses that were my most treasured possessions. In that instant of fore-knowledge that precedes some sudden happening I saw the nearest horse begin to topple over. But I was powerless to stop it — it crashed to the floor. For a moment I just couldn't move. I felt absolutely sick. Then I bent down and picked up the pieces. It had been the most beautiful of the whole set. As I held the shattered fragments in my hand, I was once more aware of the voices outside. The inevitable statement came:

"Isn't it a beautiful day?"

This was too much. I felt like rushing to the window and shouting:

"Don't be so stupid, neighbor! It's a rotten, hellish, tragic day, just like any other!"

But people don't do things like that, so I sat down and went back to reading my book.

THE TEST

*When a man is born he is surrounded with an
environment,
God places it over him like an inverted tea-
cup.*

*When a man grows he sees his environment,
People living, people dying; people passing
by —
And these are his test.
He must live with them, he must live for
them, he must love them.*

*When a man dies he dies of his environment.
When the cup is lifted, he stands in the vast-
ness of eternity.*

ANNE GILLCRIST '54

MODERN MAN — A PARADOX

Last week, my sister went to the chain store in the neighborhood for the weekly order of meat. As the clerk wrapped her order, she asked for a bone for the dog. When he wrapped the bone he said, "Oh! that'll be ten cents please." When my sister questioned this he replied, "that's so we're not annoyed by the poor people who make soup from the bones to stretch their meals."

The following week I read that this same chain store gave \$500,000 to the C.A.R.E. relief fund.

The first thought that crossed my mind was "what a contradiction," yet as this first impact subsided I realized that "paradoxes" are indicative and very apparent in our modern life. For example, mankind fights disease and mortality through medicine, yet he fails to plug the hole war makes in his lifeline. He starts more religions than he is able to practice or even believe in. He invents numerous laws and customs without any intention of observing them. Drugs have lengthened his life span yet he commits suicide through fear of death. He has produced an embarrassing series of engines too powerful for their containers and too tricky for their mechanisms; he has at last created institutions of charity to feed foreign nations yet stands supine while his neighbor begs for bread.

How can we explain this paradox?

It is possible that Man has lost confidence in himself. Unlike his *Medieval* Brother who found security in the belief of his supernatural end, Modern Man is confused because he feels his end is here and now — it is intangible and rootless. He denies his own worth and dignity as an individual yet he attempts the glorification of society which is only a multitude of individuals.

He has become very social minded, putting millions into Marshall Plans and United Nations, *monumenting* the fact that social or political isolation is past. Finally, Modern Man despite his attempts, remains unaware that charity, security and peace are for individual men and not merely humanitarian extravagances.

Surely we as Christian members of the Human race must not become skeptical nor be affected by the symptoms of our times. It is our duty to be conscious of and make cognizant to others, the worth of the individual. Christ set the pattern when He became Man and died for Man -- not for an abstraction which we call humanity. When He taught that along with Love of God, Love of Man — all men, was paramount.

GERALDYNE FLYNN '53



They Tell Me . . .

By CARMEN ORTEGA '54

- • • **THAT THE BEST STATE IS THE MARRIED STATE**, and I'm not one to disagree. As a matter of fact, I've already bought my silverware, and I'm not even going steady. Maybe this is the age in which marriage becomes the number one thought and you visualize every man you meet in a black tuxedo carrying a gold wedding band. Yet sometimes this thought is a little frightening — how do I know that the man I pick will be the right one; how can I be sure that I'm ready to accept the responsibilities of married life; how do I know how many disappointments I can brave. Marriage at times seems too big a decision. Still, I have a kind of faith that everything will work out. Will the day ever come that I'm called Mrs., and better yet — Mom!
- • • **THAT EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES** in St. Joseph's are poorly supported this year. It takes a great deal of money, effort, and time to plan successful clubs, and it is a great disappointment to the officers of these activities to have a minimum of attendance. You've heard this before, it's true; do something about it now! Let your college days be an equal blending of study and play. Work as hard for the spread of school spirit as you would for an hour quiz in government. This year, let's see You at the games, the dances, the social events, everywhere!
- • • **THAT WE GIRLS HAVE A CHANCE** after all. Rev. John L. Thomas, S.J., of St. Louis University has disproved the fatal *Time* magazine statistics which indicated that 48 percent of Catholic girls who attend college remain unmarried. Correcting the sampling error by surveying 41,805 Catholic women graduates, Father Thomas has concluded that only 34.4 percent remain single. Who knows — the years ahead may lower the percentage even more. Be of brave heart!
- • • **THAT EVERY ONE HAS A PET PEEVE**, and I'm no exception. If you've ever gone to the children's matinee on a Saturday, you'll be able to sympathize with me. In the period of three hours I became proficient in reading lips, laughing when others laughed, and moving from side to side in unison with the "charming youngster" in front of me. It was a foreboding moment when I experienced those hunger pangs, but I yielded to temptation and stepped out for a bar of candy at the intermission. After receiving my change I turned, or rather tried to turn, but was held firmly against the candy counter by a mob of sixty

Illustration: MARY F. SCHLUSSER

Photography: ANNE FALLERT

children. My feelings of patience rapidly disappeared when I saw my \$14.00 blazer trampled on and carried away by an usher. I dismissed thoughts of child psychology from my steaming head, and crashed through the crowd back to my seat. Resolution for the year — pay the extra 40 cents, but go to the movies at night.

- • • **THAT TELEVISION IS A THING OF THE PAST**, and after viewing Cinerama I believe it. Imagine buying a ticket for the theater, sitting down in the seat, yet moments later feeling yourself hurtling through space in the last car of the roller coaster. Such was the effect of witnessing the startling invention of Fred Waller, who has combined color, motion and sound into a three-dimensional film medium with a bright future. I was at a bullfight in Spain, on a gondola ride in Venice, listening to a performance of the La Scala Opera House — and yet only by means of my eyes and ears. For a noteworthy experience, I recommend a visit to the Broadway Theater — don't miss Cinerama!
- • • **THAT A STEAK IS THE BEST DINNER**, but I beg to differ. All you have to do is mention "salad" — and meat, potatoes, and soup are promptly forgotten. For you who do not appreciate the satisfaction derived from a salad, let me explain. Eleven o'clock at night is usually my period of crisis — either I fight the drowsy feeling and complete my homework, or I give in to restful slumber, and fail the quiz the next day. A salad is my means of keeping awake. I drag myself from the chair, pile the lettuce, tomatoes, celery, carrots, and green peppers in a huge bowl, sprinkle (rather drown) them in vinegar and oil, add salt and pepper, and settle down to another hour or so of study, made bearable by this exotic repast. But a dinner out presents even greater opportunity to enjoy my favorite meal. Imagine a dinner of fruit cocktail as appetizer, chicken salad plate as main course, with a side plate of tossed salad, and as a fitting dessert, a fruit salad sundae. *Mes amies, n'avez vous pas faim?*
- • • **THAT THE AGE KNOWN FACETIOUSLY** as childhood is rapidly disintegrating. In a few years, our race will comprise one homogeneous adult population, with height the only distinguishing factor between five and fifty year olds. I became cognizant of this fact last summer at camp while watching the antics of ten year old Freddy, who was a veritable terror.

"Freddy," I called, "I just don't know what I'm going to do about you!"

He gazed up, and with a mask of innocence replied, "Why don't you use child psychology on me?"

I ask you, What are we going to do with the Child Study Majors?

... *I think that you will never see —
A poem as lovely as a tree,
You'll take this poem and like it, see —
'Cause I've no other to offer thee!*

Be seeing you in the next issue — write in and tell me what you'd like to hear about!

THAT AWFUL TRUTH

DOROTHEA CASEY '53

MARION ORLANDO '53

C. S. Lewis expressively stated: "No event has so corroborated my faith in the next world as Williams did simply by dying. When the idea of death and the idea of Williams met my mind, it was the idea of death that was changed."

His friends thought of him as "half-angel"; Charles Williams called himself a cockney. We seldom find such a combination. Williams' novels create for us that same unified semblance. They are written in the language of reality, but are spiritual and fanciful in theory and atmosphere. Charles Williams uses fast-moving, suspenseful action which revolves about the good and evil in man, and of man's attainment of his end. Critics have termed his works "theological thrillers."

Charles Williams is caught between the ethereal land called the after-life, and the concrete ordinariness of reality. He weaves a most unusual fabric of both worsted and silk. The finished products are smoothly interwoven into completely believable situations in which man is the nucleus. Before we examine the novels let us not forget to make mention of Williams' basic truths.

Charles Williams believes that Christian love will triumph over all evils. It is this Love that is not only the fulfillment of the law, but its beginning. This Love is God. Those who fall from God's grace will always have their punishment meted out to them. Those who accept God's grace will be justly rewarded. This is the battle between good and evil. In the middle stands man.

Underlying these novels of terror and witchcraft, we discover wit. The foibles of man shine through with subtle humor. Williams may have been approaching unique developments in his settings, but he wrote in a thoroughly human style. Thus, a willing suspension of disbelief is created.

When Charles Williams undertook *War In Heaven*, he became involved both with religious truths and a fantastic setting. Murder and black magic create the atmosphere during the chase after the Holy Grail. It is the story of Gregory Persimmons, owned by the devil; it is the story of the Archdeacon, possessed by God. Both want the Holy Grail which has mysteriously appeared in modern England. They each want it for a different purpose. Persimmons desires it evilly; the Archdeacon wants it, for Christ.

Revolving around the two men, Williams places Mornington and the young Roman Catholic Duke. With the Archdeacon these young men comprise a modern Arthurian legend — a Perceval, Bors, and Galahad. Strange and bewitching situations arise. We become transported from Scotland Yard to the work-shop of an Indian devil-man. We meet the man in gray who finally becomes known to us as the emissary from God, Prester John. It is he who finally secures the sacred treasure, taking the Grail and the holy deacon to God.

Moving at the same thrilling pace, as *War In Heaven*, Williams' six other novels are high-voltaged, and action-packed.

His next work also centers around a sacred object which the opposing forces of good and evil wish to possess. It is the stone bearing the Tetragrammaton, the Divine Name, the sign of Four. In *Many Dimensions* Williams portrays a group of men trying to control the stone in order to make money, for the stone can transport a person in space or in time. Since the stone can be split in "half," and not lose its properties, of size, weight or powers, the other "half" also possesses the same qualities. It can be easily used for making money by selling the other "half." An experiment is conducted in which a young

man is transported back in time, however. Since the present is the only reality, he is left whirling around in timelessness, until Love through man brings him back to the present. Love triumphs and evil is destroyed.

In a state of unrest, between Hell and Heaven, there walks Lester Furnival. Within one horrible moment she realizes that she is dead, and in a state of spiritual misery. *All Hallows' Eve* recounts her stalwart fight against the diabolical Simon LeClere who is determined to capture the world. There is a raging battle between them. A battle which Lester wins by alleviating the torturous burdens of others, and accepting them as her own. She aids in the founding of profound wisdom for herself and her living friends. Lester goes to Heaven in a shining light of grace, while Simon LeClere burns in Hell.

The most profound, metaphysically, of all Williams' novels is *The Place of the Lion*. In this, he incarnates Plato's celestial archetypes with hair raising plausibility. Damaris Tighe is investigating these archetypes through the works of Peter Abelard. Enveloping forces are unleashed in her town by the Anti-Christ. However, she refuses to recognize their reality. Anthony, her cousin, finally convinces her of their reality, and with the Eagle and the Lamb, they succeed in overcoming the forces of the Lion and Serpent. Damaris' father is so overcome by the beauty, that he dies. One of the women of the town is absorbed and turned into the serpent. Whether we understand every line of a Williams novel or not, we feel something deep inside us quicken, as Williams tells the tale.

Jung has said, "Who speaks in primordial images speaks to us with a thousand trumpets, he grips and overpowers, and at the same time he elevates that which he treats out of the individual and transitory into the sphere of the eternal." In all of his novels Williams has made conscious use of primordial images, but most especially in *The Greater Trumps*.

Here, he has turned to one of the prime mysteries of earth: a collection of twenty-two symbolic pictures which have come down to us as the major Arcana — or Greater Trumps of the Tarot deck of playing cards. These are also used in T. S. Eliot's "Waste-land."

In the novel he has created a set of sub-archetypes, the little golden images that move over a giant chess-board of gold. The book is a kaleidoscope of ideas: here and

there it takes on the hue of Buddhism, then twists into Christian piety, and then it clashes with the dark jewel of sorcery. It is a guide to Christian clarity, intercessory prayer, and the practice of the presence of God. In addition, it is a slam-bang, action-fantasy melodrama.

In his *Shadows of Ecstasy*, Charles Williams proves that there is a greater love that dwells beyond the shadows of our lives. Ordinary men struggle with their weaknesses in these shadows. There, Love Himself awaits, ready to cleanse the good, or allow the evil to damn themselves.

Opposite in overtone from the six preceding works of Charles Williams, stands his *Descent Into Hell*. This is a quiet, haunting novel which resounds emotions from within. Many people reside in Battle Hill. Some are Peter Stanhopes; others may be Paulines. Or, one may be Lily Sammile, a Lilith.

Pauline fears to meet her other self who insists on causing her mental anguish. Peter suggests that she let him share her burden. When she resigns to this, she fully gazes at her other self, and she is beautiful to behold. Then, Pauline herself has the opportunity to lessen the spiritual torments of another.

An ancestor who was martyred four centuries ago is presented to Pauline, terrified as when he was at martyrdom. Pauline helps him and sweetens the hour of death. So too, does grace strengthen man.

Lily Sammile, as Evil, drips honey from her lips as she beckons people to enter her gatehouse to Hell. She succeeds in several cases of jealousy and lust. Then, one day, a great awakening takes place in her cemetery yard. The battle of Wills is won: Evil is destroyed on Battle Hill.

And so the novels come to an end. Charles Williams' fantasies are balm for the spiritual sickness of the world. While the materialists and the moralists tear at each other's throats, he writes with beauty, about things of Good and Evil. He realizes that ethics and beauty are two mansions of the soul which lead to the third — the direct experience of God.

Very little research has been done on Charles Williams. The fields of biography and criticism are open wide for those who wish to explore. Charles Williams was married, the editor of the Oxford University Press, and a professed Anglican. That we do know.

(Continued on Page 35)

RING ONCE

By ANNA LANAHAN '54

"No letter from John today, Mrs. Larsen." Mr. Penwright tipped his cap to the little woman standing in front of her bungalow. Shifting the heavy burden to a harder, more comfortable spot on his back, the postman took his even strides into the hallway of the eight family house next door.

The mail boxes were placed neatly away from the light of the hall. Putting his sack on a little table, reserved for the inhabitants to place their bundles as they searched in the tiny holes, he reached inside the worn brown leather for the batch. Taking the rubber band from the few advertisements, he turned his back from the light so that it shone over his right shoulder.

"Mr. Phillips, here's another catalogue for things you can't afford. And here, Miss Blake, is a card from your Aunt Joyce; so, she's in Chicago again." Mr. Penwright still had his hand in Miss Blake's slot while he read the postcard for Mrs. Johnson.

"Hm. So a Mr. K. Fortin has decided to rent his vacant apartment and wants to interview you. You're luckier than my wife and I." He put the card in the slot and finished putting the rest of the mail away without staring at the postmarks. His mind kept wandering back to Mrs. Johnson's card.

"A day. Who'd know the difference. If this fellow Fortin interviewed Mrs. Johnson and us, no one would be harmed. All I have to do is hold that card an extra day. Who looks at postmarks anyway." The pile of mail was finished. Mr. Penwright was taking precious seconds from his route in just thinking. His back began to ache in wait for the bundle that should have been in its place.

"How's the day been, Jean?" The same question every night. It's funny how you can

think of something else to say during the day, but once that door is closed those same words come out. "Maybe," Mr. Penwright thought, "there'll be a difference today."

"Okay, George." She answered in the same exhausted tone.

She pushed back a couple of short stray hairs that always fell over her left brow. "Your sister took two cups from our wedding set. She's broken most of her own. Since we've been living here I never used that set myself."

"It's only a small thing. Let it go." He put his arms around her shoulder for a moment.

"Oh, George, it isn't just two cups I'm talking about. She didn't tell me she took them until I found the box open when I went over to the storage closet. For five years I kept that set complete. But then, it's something every day. We can't go on sharing this apartment, George. It'll be only a few months until we are parents and I won't be able to keep up this constant annoyance. We've already lost one child, I want everything to be as right as possible now. George, you understand, don't you?"

He nodded his head. He understood too well. He had spoken with their doctor only a week ago. The words were as clear as if they were just uttered.

"Mr. Penwright, for your own and your wife's peace of mind, I advise you to have your own home as soon as possible. Your wife is a very sensitive woman. I won't be responsible for her condition if she continues to live with your sister. I know you have a certain rent you must meet and many owners don't want children, let alone babies, around, but if you can possibly get a place, get it."

"Jean, I guess I'd better drop the act."

Forcing his thoughts back to the present, he made his decision quickly.

"We're going out. Right now. Get your coat."

"Where? What are you talking about?" She resembled a bewildered child.

"We're going to see a man about some rooms." As he spoke, he pushed the postcard to Mrs. Johnson down in his pocket. It was like trying to hide it from peering eyes, if only to hide it from himself.

"You like the place, Jean?" He watched the light that had come into his wife's eyes.

"Oh yes, George. Yes, it's lovely. We were so lucky." She walked into the kitchen leaving him alone in the silent living room.

"I did the right thing," he whispered to convince himself. "She'll find another place. It wouldn't have been fair to Jean if Mr. Fortin had to choose between us. I did the right thing." He had hardly finished when he heard Jean call him for breakfast.

"Haven't seen you in a month, Mrs. Larsen. Been Well?" Mr. Penwright gave his little formal smile.

"As well as can be expected in this changeable weather. I received a letter from John last week."

"You don't need to tell me that, Mrs. Larsen. Remember, I delivered it." He handed her the envelopes of bills. She gave a weak smile to him after taking her day's mail.

"You won't be having any advertisements to deliver to Mrs. Johnson anymore."

"You're talking about Mrs. Johnson, next door. Aren't you?"

"Why, yes. I suppose you have so many on your route. Well, I've heard from her neighbors that she used to get a lot of them. Personally, I don't know why. I was in her apartment once and that was enough. It was so gloomy in there, why it would have driven anyone crazy."

Mr. Penwright was doing a thing that before would have been against the principles he had laid down on his first route. He was listening to gossip.

"I know she was terribly unhappy there. If only she could have gone out to work or

something but she had to stay up there. Of course she was a mental case."

"Now, Mrs. Larsen, you shouldn't speak like that."

"You have me wrong, Mr. Penwright. I liked Mrs. Johnson, but she was a mental case. If only she could have moved. A new surrounding would have done her the world of good. Did you know she was looking for rooms?"

"Well, I get to know a little about everyone. You said I won't be bringing her any more advertisements. Did she finally get rooms?"

"Oh, I guess you haven't heard. I suppose she got so excited and then the letdown."

"What are you talking about, Mrs. Larsen?"

"Don't get upset, Mr. Penwright. Mr. Johnson was telling me, so these are really the facts." She lowered her voice. "Mrs. Johnson finally found a place, or thought she did. She was so sure. The man promised to send her a card in a few days if he decided to let the rooms. That was over a month ago. She never got a card from that man. He never even let her know. When the time passed so quickly, she began to get worse. Well, she just gave up."

"You haven't said a word all night, George. Had a hard day?"

He uttered a short reply. She looked so happy.

"You didn't ask me about the day so I'll tell you. I went to the doctor this afternoon."

He looked up. Jean was putting a book back on the shelf.

"What's he say?"

"He's very pleased, George. I, I think he's just as happy we moved as I am. It's late, George." She glanced over at the clock on the mantle but that was unnecessary.

"I'll be in, in a moment."

From his seat by the window he watched the bedroom door close behind his wife. The sound of soft rain came from the pavement below. George Penwright, mailman, turned his head and looked out the window into the blackness.

"And the light shineth in darkness . . ." by Mary Brennan '54

*The world is caught within the clouds of war
Which lock their arms around the hurtling
sphere*

*And spread a chaos never felt before
Throughout the earth and sea and atmos-
phere.*

*Great cannons spit out streaks of fiery red,
Like dragons who are coiled before the kill;
While brown clad men search ever for the
dead*

*And lay them 'neath white crosses on the hill.
Yet through the darkness and the endless din
A ray of hope glows ever bright and clear,
And never casts a shadow, gossamer thin.*

*To hide the Truth that men will yet revere.
For war and hurt and hate will pass away
Put Peace and Love will light eternal day.*

HOMEWARD . . . by Anna M. Lanahan '54

*There's a river flowing homeward,
Flowing down to the sea;
There's a river flowing homeward,
Twining in search of me,
And the laughter of its splashing
Recalls to me the hearth,
With a fire gayly flashing,
In the place of my birth.
I could follow down the river
Until I met the shore;
I could follow down the river,
And then wander no more.*

CITY . . . by Dorothea Casey '53

*Strange sight
This jungle
Angles and straight lines.
Long, narrow
Copper-colored volcanoes
That belch forth
Thick, black smoke;
Weird fruit
That catches
The sunlight and sparkles—
Unedible though;
Grotesque trees
That reach
To scratch out
Heaven's eyes.*

SUPPRESSED . . . by Nettie Rementeria '54

*It snowed today —
If I were little again
I would have run
with an open coat,
hugging the snow-flakes.
But I'm nineteen
And what would the neighbors say?*

Anna pulled her shawl tighter against her body to keep out the chill of the early morning air. She had to hurry: the sun would start to come up in a few minutes, and the shadows which protected her now would soon disappear.

The streets were empty and Anna could hear her footsteps echoing between the buildings. How much noise they made! She tried to walk on her toes, but still the cardboard soles on her shoes beat heavily on the pavement. Tap, tap, tap, tap. Her feet were getting cramped that way and the house was still a half mile away. Anna decided to run and take her chances on being heard. Down the street and around the corner, across the

avenue, and then the short cut. This last was through a narrow alley cluttered with garbage cans and piles of refuse. She started down, tripped over a pile of bricks and fell against the wall. There was a loud clatter. Then the pounding of heavy footsteps.

"Who's there?"

Anna saw the sentry at the other end of the alley and she pressed herself tight against the wall. Two other men ran up and one of them called to the sentry.

"What's the matter, sergeant? We thought we heard something."

"It came from here sir. Sounded like rocks falling. Can't see anything, though."

1985 A. D.

By MARY BRENNAN '54

The second man stepped forward and turned on his flashlight. The beam scanned the wall on the far side and then swept over the rubble on the ground. A roach started to climb up Anna's leg but she held her breath and crouched lower behind a pile of junk. The light came closer and stopped on the scattered bricks.

"Here, sergeant. That's what made the noise. Go down there and see what knocked them over."

The sentry started to follow the light down the alley. He stopped in front of the bricks and kicked a few of them around. They banged on the pavement next to the junk pile. From the front of the alley came the captain's voice.

"See anything yet?"

"No, nothing here, sir. Maybe a dog or cat did it and ran."

"Okay, sergeant, let's go. We just have to check."

The sentry bent down and picked up one of the bricks. He started walking away with it, then turned and let it go. It was a direct hit, but not one he had counted on. Anna bit her lip as the stone hit into her arm. The pain was almost unbearable but she could not cry out. She couldn't even move until the three men turned and went down the street.

It was not so cold now, but the sun was almost up and she was late. Her arm was bleeding badly but there was no time to fix it. If she ran as fast as she could she might still make the most important part. First, she had to slip out of the alley without being seen. But she did not have any trouble. The soldiers had disappeared. There was, perhaps, something else for them to investigate.

The house was but a few short blocks away and Anna fairly flew across the sidewalks. There was no one in sight. How fortunate for her! Other days there were guards patrolling the area in front of the school. Today the place was deserted. It was strange, but then, what wasn't?

At last she came to the house. Her arm was almost numb and she rested for just a moment against the side of the building. It felt good to rest but it was very late and she had to get downstairs. She went around to the back door. It was closed but not locked. Anna opened it just a little and slipped in. It was suddenly very black. She couldn't see in front of her but she knew that the stairs were just a few feet ahead. Her ears strained for the sound of voices from below, but all was quiet. Next to her, to the left, was a damp cement wall. She inched along next to it until she came to the steps. These were steep and

Illustrated by MARY F. SCHLUSSER

rickety and every other one groaned under her weight.

The air in the cellar was musty and dank. The walls here were covered with little drops of sweat. Anna's arm began to throb and the blood was still oozing out. Bright red stains covered the shawl where it touched the arm and little strands of wool were sticking to pieces of raw torn flesh. The throbbing was in her head now and Anna felt sick and weak. Summoning her strength, she walked forward across the cellar to a sturdy oak door. Her hand closed around the knob and the door opened when she threw her full weight against it. Anna entered the room and looked up. She screamed, and then crumpled to the floor.

In front of a make-shift altar, a white-robed man lay dead on the floor. There was a bullet hole in his forehead and a small white host in his hand. It too, had been struck by a bullet. As Anna looked up, she was surrounded by six well-armed soldiers. One of them stepped forward. It was the same officers who had searched the alley only twenty minutes before. He jerked Anna to her knees and tied her hands behind her back. Then he dragged her in front of the altar. Her head spun around dizzily when she saw the macabre designs traced on the altar cloths in the bright vermillion of human blood.

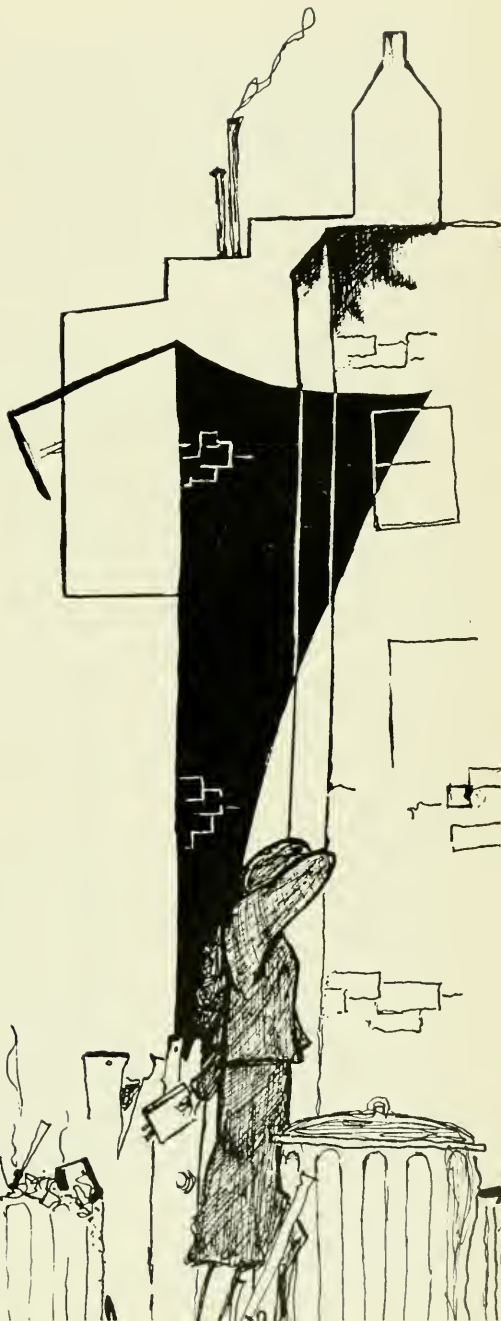
Anna turned her head away, but the captain grabbed her hair and turned it back again. When she started to cry he cracked her across the face with a riding crop, branding her with an ugly red welt. One of the other men stepped up to the altar and grabbed the chalice. He bent over the priest and filled the gold cup with some of the dead man's blood. The Captain took it from him and turned his back on Anna. When he wheeled around again, the shattered host was floating in the blood.

"You simpleton!", he sneered. "Stop your sniveling and look at me."

Anna lifted her eyes slowly. She was so sick that it was an effort.

The officer laughed. "You came her today to receive your communion and we would not want to disappoint you."

He lifted the chalice to Anna's lips. She



jerked backward, but he took hold of her head and forced her to open her mouth. She clenched her teeth, but he pressed the chalice against them until they crumbled and then forced the sticky liquid down her throat. Anna choked and gagged and was suddenly overcome with nausea. She made one last effort to break loose but a soldier behind her, with great ambitions to be a hero, put an end to all her sufferings. The bullet went straight through her heart and her body thumped to the floor.

II

In another part of the city, a young man was pacing up and down a dimly lighted hallway. A radio was playing at the front end of the hall. Some sort of a musical program was on but it wasn't very good. In fact it was annoying the young man very much. He reached for the dial and was about to change the station when a voice cut in.

"Bulletin. Just ten minutes ago the secret police discovered a Catholic chapel hidden in the basement of a brownstone house on Madison Avenue and East 31st Street. Commissar Korvak commended the officers and

men present during the raid for their fine work and presented a special commendation to Captain Borjack who is credited with killing the last priest in New York City."

The youth turned off the radio before the smug announcer had a chance to finish. He stood there in the dark thinking about the broadcast and chuckling to himself. "So, Captain Borjack had been commended for killing the last priest in the city. He was probably quite proud of it. Might even be promoted."

Still smiling, the young man went to the end of the hall. As he opened the door, his expression sobered quickly. There in a windowless room, in the light of a dozen candles, a priest was bent over a white covered table, whispering mysterious words into a treasured chalice. The youth closed the door behind him and fell to his knees. He uttered a prayer of thanks to the Almighty God who had spared them the fate of the unfortunate priest on Madison Avenue. Then he looked to the chasuble man in front of him and joined him in the wonderful prayer of consecration: "HOC EST ENIM CALIX SANGUINIS MEI" . . .
"FOR THIS IS THE CHALICE OF MY BLOOD."

AUTUMN'S POEM

*One,
Two,
Three,
A countless score
Of wistful messengers.
Autumn's poetry,
Copper, crimson, burnished gold,
All lovelier than April's youth,
More splendid and serene.
They whisper now,
In rhythm, glide to earth,
And clock the world
In an aura of quiet beauty —
A hush before the storm,
Autumn, fallen warrior,
With raiment sere,
Expires in her throne.*

MARION ORLANDO '53

DECISION

By IRMA SHERWOOD '54

Marcia Hodges knew she shouldn't listen in on her older sister's phone conversations, but when Diana shouted down to tell them that Tod was calling from California, she just couldn't resist lifting the receiver.

"Anyway," she comforted herself, "I'm sure that all the way from California to New York, there must be at least one operator listening in too!"

As she put the phone to her ear, she heard Diana saying, "Of course I'll come Tod. You know I'd come if I had to run all the way."

Tod's booming voice laughed back, "Don't you think flying might be a little easier?"

"Well . . . yes," she drawled sarcastically. And then, as the real meaning dawned on her, she could only whisper, "No Tod, no. You know I can't fly!"

This time his voice was anxious, "You're not really that frightened, are you? Diana, don't you see, it's the only way you could come. I haven't much time, and I've made all the arrangements with the church and — oh, Diana, say you will."

The voice of the operator broke in, "Your time is up."

But Diana really was frightened. She turned to her mother who had come upstairs in answer to her call and had been standing nearby. Mrs. Hodges took the phone from her daughter's shaking hand. She spoke quietly, but gently, to the soldier at the other end of the line. "Don't worry, Tod, I'll do my best with Diana and we'll send you a wire."

Mrs. Hodges, a plump, motherly looking woman embraced her daughter, who, though quite a bit slimmer and taller, was still a striking image of herself. Once more she must try to convince Diana that in spite of her father's death, airplanes were not Frankenstein monsters designed for the destruction of the human race. Only this time she felt certain that her task would be lightened considerably by Diana's burning desire to reach Tod before he was shipped out.

Several hours later, Diana Hodges was receiving a goodbye kiss from her brother, Kenny, who had driven her to the airport. Kenny squeezed her hand encouragingly as she turned to kiss teen-aged Marcia and finally her mother. For several minutes, mother and daughter stood talking and going over last minute details. "Mom, please don't forget to call the office bright and early Monday morning and let them know they'll be needing a new receptionist for a while."

"You know I'll take care of everything for you, dear," her mother answered. "Just make sure that you and Tod put in a phone call to us as soon as the ceremony is over. I'll be so excited until I know how everything has gone. Try to keep calm. Don't get excited like I did." They all had to laugh as they remembered the many, often repeated stories of mother's wedding day. Both she and dad had been so nervous that they very nearly ruined the entire ceremony. "Never fear," Diana smiled tauntingly at her mother. "Your daughter shan't forget to wear her shoes." Mrs. Hodges smiled, but to herself she thought, "It's not enough that wars have to come along to take our sons away. They have to take our daughters, too." She couldn't break down now, especially with Diana herself trying so hard to be courageous.

As Diana turned to go, Mrs. Hodges whispered something that made her smile in spite of nervousness. Marcia and Kenny called out together. "Good luck, sis," as her mother murmured "God bless you."

Dark-haired Diana Hodges looked chic in a light blue suit with navy blue accessories. She boarded the plane quickly, though tremulously, strode to the rear and took a seat by a window. Hardly believing that she was actually here, she closed her eyes momentarily, only, to her consternation, to see that dreaded picture before her again. There was the huge passenger plane, obviously in trouble with its smoking engine. Captain John Hodges was trying desperately to bring it down safely. The captain's young wife was standing nearby waiting to greet her husband with the joyous news of an expected third edition to their family "crew." But suddenly, the plane was in a nose dive! Within a split second it had crash-landed on the runway . . . flames spurted forth . . . the whole sky seemed ablaze!!!! Screams of death split the still air — thunderous explosions rocked the very earth. There was no hope for anyone on board. Mrs. Hodges shook visibly as she led her small son and screaming daughter from the scene of the accident. One clearly heard the hysterical six-year old screaming, "Daddy, daddy, daddy."

Diana clutched her seat, opened her eyes and looked out across the field. Her mother's words earlier in the day, everything she had said in explaining why it would be wrong not to take this trip, came back to her. She thought of Tod, waiting anxiously in California for his bride-to-be. She felt better and thought to herself, "Why, I'm not afraid at all. Not — not really."

The last person to get on the plane was a baby-faced, young army paratrooper. He smiled politely as he took the seat next to Diana. She glanced at him and noticed that he wore the insignia which designated him as a Korean veteran. She breathed a silent prayer that soon her Tod would also be back from Korea. But then, why think of that? He hadn't gone yet and there still remained the few glorious days which they would spend together as bride and groom!

An attractive red-headed Stewardess walked down the aisle telling the passengers to fasten their safety belts. Directly in front of Diana, an infant baby awoke suddenly and began crying. The Stewardess heated a bottle of milk and returned it to the mother. In no time, the baby was silent as he sucked the warm milk contentedly. The other passengers nearby had become completely absorbed in watching the adorable baby boy wrapped snugly in his fluffy blue blanket. Diana glanced around her. Everyone seemed comfortable and carefree. Some were chatting excitedly and some were reading. Others just sat quietly. The young man next to her was slowly thumbing through, what seemed to be a sports magazine. She peeked over his shoulder a little more. She was almost certain that she could identify the picture of that baseball player, Tod, who was an avid baseball fan, had been trying to teach her the game. He would be very proud if she could recognize Pee Wee Reese on sight.

So engrossed had Diana become with various activities aboard the plane that for a short time she forgot her fears. But now as she looked out the window of the huge, climbing air-liner the old feelings returned. She tried to light a cigarette in hopes of calming her nerves, but the match quickly went out in her trembling hand. Being quite conscious of the paratrooper seated beside her and not wanting him to notice how nervous she was, she decided not to try again. However, the soldier took out a lighter and lit the cigarette for her as he said, "You're apt to have all sorts of trouble until you get used to this motion."

"Thanks," Diana nodded gratefully. She thought she had seen his hand trembling slightly, too, but knew that that was completely out of the question. Anyone who had done as much flying as an army paratrooper, just back from overseas, couldn't possibly be worried about a simple little trip like this.

They went on talking casually and Diana admitted that it was her first flight. She also explained about Tod and her uneasiness in taking the trip. "Flying isn't anything to be afraid of," the soldier said. "It's — well, it's just fun that's all. Take a look at our Stewardess. Why, she's walking up and down just as if she were on the ground. Go ahead, lean back. You see, it's just like lying down in your own bed at home."

His words of encouragement did make Diana feel better. But nevertheless, she had the feeling that he was also trying to convince himself of the truth of his own words. Just as she was beginning to settle back comfortably, without any warning, there was an abrupt jolt. Instantly there was another and then the plane dropped rapidly. Diana was frozen with horror. The baby started to cry and other passengers screamed loudly. As the soldier reached across and took her hand, she managed to stifle a scream. The plane levelled off for a few seconds and then turned upside down. The infant was torn from the arms of his mother, still strapped in her seat. The last thing Diana heard was the young mother crying out, "My baby, my baby, somebody help my baby." And then everything went black.

The stricken airship plummeted earthward, crashing into a row of trees and a small cottage, before hitting the ground with a sickening thud. A terrifying explosion shook the ground, severing the fuselage from the cabin and causing metal and bodies to go hurtling through space.

When she opened her eyes, Diana heard no sound. She felt weak and dizzy. Suddenly she became aware of someone sobbing. Looking up, she saw the soldier pinned beneath some heavy metal. With no thought of herself, Diana picked herself up from the ground and rushed over to where he lay. There was nothing much she could do to help, but she tried to comfort him.

"Do you — do you want to know a secret?" he gasped between heaving sobs. "I was just as scared on that plane as you were. You see, on my last mission overseas I was shot down and that experience left me with the same overpowering fear which has haunted you for so long. But I'm proud of myself, because at least I didn't let it get the better of me. You mustn't let it conquer you either."

"Oh please, you mustn't talk now," Diana broke in. "You're very badly hurt and you're going to need all your strength."

"I just want to tell you not — not to give up," the soldier struggled to go on. "Keep that date in California. Don't let him down. You see, I know what it means to have a certain person waiting and praying for you. That thought is the only thing that enables you to go on . . . through the mud and cold and . . ."

A white-coated figure knelt beside them as another helped Diana to her feet. She looked all around her, surveying the scorched, torn wreckage. Doctors and nurses bent over broken bodies. A priest from a nearby church was being led over to the dying soldier. In her heart she said a silent prayer of thanks. A sharp pain suddenly seized her and once again Diana fainted.

This time she awoke in an ambulance. Her right arm throbbed slightly, but the nurse seated nearby assured her that she was all right. After about an hour she was released from the hospital. Her family had driven over to the hospital and were waiting outside for her. In answer to her eager questions they told her that the plane, which had only been in flight for eight minutes had not been able to avoid hitting someone's home before it reached the open field. None of the occupants of the home had been killed, but several had been injured. The infant passenger of the plane had been thrown clear but was not expected to live. Diana, was the lone survivor among the thirty-three passengers. And, except for the sprained wrist and temporary shock, she was in good condition. They also explained that while waiting, they had notified Tod of this fact.

As they were walking toward Kenny's car, Diana told them about the soldier.

"It's hard to believe that I knew him for so short a time. We got to know each other quite well. He tried to cheer me up and take my mind off the flight and all the time he was just as uneasy about it as I."

"Gee, sis," said Kenny, "you'll have to try to forget the horrible ordeal you've just been through. I guess we'll have to wire Tod again and let him know it's all off. And I suppose that means waiting until he . . ."

"But I'm not going to let it upset my plans," Diana interrupted. "I'm going to get the next possible plane and go on with my trip."

They all looked at each other, hardly able to believe that this was the same girl, whose life had been overshadowed by her own fears.

Mrs. Hodges, though still slightly upset, seemed pleased to hear this decision. Kenny winked approvingly at his suddenly matured sister.

Early the next morning, the quiet of the Hodges' household was broken by the insistent ringing of the phone. As usual, Marcia was the first to reach it.

"The Hodges' residence," she said in her best grown-up manner. The voice on the other end of the line was that of the long distance operator.

"Cpl. and Mrs. Tod Robinson calling collect from California. Will you accept the charges?"

THE WILL TO WIN

By HELEN LANDE '54

Unlike the ancient arts of smoking or card playing, baseball as it is played today, has been with us or plaguing us (as the case may be) a comparatively short time. Robert Smith, President of the Magazine Institute and author of *Origin's of Baseball*, has delved rather deeply into the subject and at a lecture delivered last Spring at the Museum of the City of New York he initiated his audience into the sacred lore of the great American game.

Although the once wide-spread myth that baseball's first game took place on the field of Cooperstown in 1839 has largely been discredited, the City of Hoboken and the year 1896 still receive much prestige as the official site and time of the first inter-club game. Indeed, the game akin to English rounders — which Washington's men played at Valley Forge in 1778 — has often been hailed as America's first baseball game. Author Smith, however, finds the original acorn of the baseball oak planted in New York some time later than Washington's era, but a little earlier than the time of the Hoboken game.

Surreptitiously called the "Knickerbocker Game," any resemblance early New York baseball then bore to 1952's big league contests was purely accidental. Devised in 1842 by a group of New York gentlemen for recreational and social purposes, it thoroughly lacked that display of determination, strength, and will to win which so characterize the modern game. Of course, this "sissy" game as the sport addicts of New England termed it at the time, had a rongneck cousin in their own Massachusetts townball — a strenuous, if crude version of its English forefather, cricket — in which the amount of physical punishment sustained by both teams seemed to be the criterion of the game's success. Yet it was from New York's "gentleman's game" that the National sport has developed — and the process was an interesting one. While the townball enthusiasts were rigged out appropriately to score as many "hit-outs" as possible (literally and actually, conks off the opposing players' heads), originally, New York City's finest strode out to the diamond

dressed in white flannel trousers, high-button shoes, and straw hats. The pitcher would then take a rubber ball, much larger than today's horsehide, and with a hop, skip, and jump (as picture perfect as a ballerina's pironette), he'd toss it underhand, remembering his solemn duty as a pitcher to throw it directly to the batter. To have done otherwise would have been considered a grossly ungentlemanly act — one meriting him his team's most somber epithet, the words, "He's not the sort of man wanted on this team."

Undoubtedly, this sort of decorous behaviour was not conducive to thrilling an action-starved audience, and so, until a spirit of real competition was injected into the sport, its popularity lagged. In fact, baseball didn't graduate from the amateur ranks until the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs was founded in 1876.

What was it essentially, then, that caused the game to shed its unnecessary protocol: what was that driving force or impetus which forced the game to develop both in itself and in its popularity, until it has become, today, national in its extent, ageless and classless in its appeal? Smith maintained that the answer lies in the gradual unleashing, on the part of the clubs, of the spirit or the will to win. To support his case, he cited the fact that really professional skill was not exhibited until after the clubs began subsidizing players: this practice, in turn, was not initiated until inter-club rivalries, engendered by the urge to win, had developed.

Amplifying his point, Smith called attention to certain players, to the adoption of new rules, and to a peculiar combination of the two. He tried to show that when the will to win reached a certain degree of intensity within an individual, that player let no obstacle stand in the way of his satisfying it. Chief among the would-be obstacles were the obsolete rules in the official books, actual deterrents of victory, which preserved tradition, but did nothing whatsoever to inspire competition. These baseball "greats," fired with the will to win, so continually ignored or renovated the outdated rules in actual play, that the rule-makers eventually took the subtle hint and changed them. Thus, baseball's development was carried forward.

Smith gave some concrete examples of this process, Dickey Pierce — now a well-venerated figure in the annals of baseball, but once considered an Un-American player, proved

to be the traditional upstart who had the colossal gaul to treat with disdain his copy of Chadwick's Rules, then universally appraised as the last word on baseball. Particularly irritating to Dickey were Mr. Chadwick's notes on the proper and American method of fielding. In this respect the law prevailed that basemen were, at all costs, to stand pat at their positions. Thus, the infield players, securing both feet upon their respective bases, would thrust their catching arms in the direction of the batter and patiently await the anticipated ball. Actually, these statue-like players had things pretty well under control for nothing short of a hurricane wind could prevent the batted ball from reaching one of their out-turned gloves. The opponent's code of ethics, you see, stipulated that he bat the ball in the direction of the fielder — to give the fellow a sporting chance, no doubt! But, Dickey Pierce was more concerned with his team's chances of winning than with the other fellow's; hence, he did the logical if unsportsmanlike thing. Time after time, Dickey would stride to home plate giving the impression that he was about to take a masterful cut — suddenly, he would curtail his swing, and then barely bunt the ball. Inevitably, the ball would fail to reach a fielder. There it would lay, five or ten feet from his outstretched arm, and he with his foot appropriately glued to the sandbag was powerless to retrieve it. It wasn't long before Dickey Pierce had won his point. Chadwick's rules in re-fielding were scrapped; the clubs took a pragmatic view of the whole matter, and the modern era of energetic fielding and deceptive batting was ushered in.

Bob Eddy followed in the notorious Pierce's footsteps. In his era, the running of bases was considered a highly and finely developed art. Holding his hat on with one hand, the runner would skip up the baseline, competing, so it seemed, for the first prize in grace with the infielder, who took particular pains to see that this importunate runner was tagged out with the most graceful of tags. One day, Bob Eddy, more anxious to get on base than to be rated prima ballerina for the afternoon's performance, took a running leap when about six feet from second base, and slid under the baseman's arm in a last chance attempt to avoid being tagged (gracefully or otherwise). Oh! how the crowds hissed Bob Eddy — "a deceitful and cowardly player undoubtedly"

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AND HERE I AM WITHOUT A MAN!

By DOROTHY SCHUBIS '54



I remember the day Janice made the date for me, and how I waited breathlessly, looking forward to this new adventure. I couldn't help wondering what he would be like. And just to make sure that everything would turn out exactly right, I begged St. Jude, Patron of Hopeless Cases, to be our special guide. Yes, everything was going to be perfect, all right, or, so I thought.

I could never forget that Friday afternoon. All the girls met at Janice's house for lunch before the eventful meeting. Needless to say, our dates were the topic of conversation during the soup, entree, salad, and dessert. Just before we left, Janice called up to make sure that they would all be waiting for us at the designated hour at Clove Lake that very afternoon.

We were tense, we were nervous — we were just plain excited, as we drove down in Mary's car. Dee Dee wanted hers to be young; Nettie hoped hers would be short; Madeline wanted a nice looking one; and Mary's just had to be dashing. I wanted mine to behave himself; and Carmen, for some idiotic reason, had the strange premonition that hers wouldn't have any teeth! But, of course, good "ole" Janice did her very best to console us all, reassuring us that they would all be very nice, and *act* very nice — provided that we kept them in their place.

However, our agony was lengthened after we got there because they hadn't arrived as yet. After fifteen long, drawn out and miserable minutes they appeared in full array. Introductions were in order, and then I finally

met Dozer. (You can probably guess why he was so named!) Now, Dozer was tall and dark; his hair was cropped rather short, I'd say — in fact, it looked as though a lawn mover had just passed over it! His dark brown eyes shone like the jet black of coal, and his smile was fascinating. However, he was much older than I had expected him to be — to say the least! Although all the girls thought that this was rather funny, I actually appreciated his undeniable maturity. After all, he wasn't as wild as the rest of them, nor were his actions as unpredictable. In short, we became fast friends.

Of all the other's, Mary's date was the most extraordinary! He had just moved to Staten Island after living on a ranch all his life. His colored was striking, his carriage masculine — and, oh, how handsome he was! In fact, every once in a while, Mary would hear from one of the gals a remark alluding to the fact that she had the "luck of the Mo-hicans" and that he was the dream of dreams!

To get on with my story: as soon as we were all acquainted, we started our trip around Clove Lake. I really don't know why, but Dozer insisted on lagging behind. Indeed, it was obvious that the others sneeringly referred to us as being anti-social — they seemed to think that we wanted to be by ourselves. But, I quieted them somewhat, reminding them that he really was much older than the rest of us, and that actually he shouldn't be expected to keep up with the crowd. Nevertheless, Dozer participated in

Illustrated by RITA MCCANN

all the activities of the day. In fact, I can safely say that he was the best behaved of them all — I absolutely and positively had no trouble with him.

When we finished our jaunt, I was rather sad that our wonderful day had come to a close. I felt awful when I realized that I would probably never see my dear Dozer again, but in a vain attempt at philosophiz-

ing, I guessed that that's the way life goes. So-o-o-o-o, when we got back to the stables, I hopped off my twenty-one year old friend, patting him on the head as I affectionately said good-bye.

Oh, but if he isn't sent to the glue factory by the time I make my second attempt at horseback riding, I'll be sure to look up my old pal Dozer!

THE GIFT

By MARY DUCA '53

Long, long ago, before the days of fear and hate, there was a lovely land on earth called Anywhere. They called it Anywhere, because it was before such things as maps and charts, and men did not know (nor much care) how to measure miles and acres. It did not matter to the people in Anywhere whether they were north or south, high or low, near to or far from the equator or North Pole. Nearly all the people in the land were happy (all, in fact, but one): and because they were, everything around them was good and beautiful.

We cannot tell how large or small the country was, for we do not know where it had its beginning and end. But, after all, that does not really matter because the size and place of Anywhere do not affect our story in the least.

We do know this. In the land, at its very heart, was a beautiful palace. In the palace (as you may have guessed) lived the King of Anywhere, with his daughter, the Princess Lea.

Lea was a pretty girl, with long red-gold curls and jade-green eyes. Her skin was fair, and her lips and cheeks were the color of rosebuds. It was said that if only the Princess would smile, she might be beautiful indeed.

But Lea would never smile. Sometimes she laughed, because something amused her. But a laugh is a selfish thing, which makes only you happy, whereas a smile is made of kind-

ness and love, and can often make the whole day happy for someone else.

Besides being so very pretty, the Princess was most talented, and was also very intelligent, clever, and efficient. And she had all the servants, and clothes and jewels that any Princess could want. But yet, she never smiled.

There was something else that Princess Lea never did. She never cried. Of course, she screamed and sobbed and let the tears fall whenever things did not go her own way, or when she was ashamed and had to hide her shame with something.

But she never cried the cry of sorrow, for she believed she could never be wrong. She never cried the cry of needing someone, for she believed she was completely self-sufficient.

One day, as Lea was waking, she heard the royal trumpets blowing. She (and everyone else in the palace) knew what that meant.

There was a visitor approaching the palace gate. Everyone wondered who in Anywhere it could be. And before long, they found out, and were quite pleased indeed.

He was the young, wealthy, handsome Prince of Notfaroff, a country "right around the corner," so to speak. He had come to seek the hand of the Princess Lea in marriage, and wished to see her as soon as possible.

Lea was mildly glad, but would not get excited about it all. (Any other girl's heart would have been quite a-flutter!) She had her servants dress her in the most exquisite of gowns, not so much to please the Prince, as to have him please her by his admiration.

She entered the room where he waited, and was secretly impressed by his good looks and pleasing manner. But after she had been with him for almost quite-some-time, and he said *nothing* — not one word! — about her great beauty, she became more than slightly annoyed. Before long she excused herself, and thanked the young Prince for his visit. (Naturally, she really wished he had never come.)

Strangely enough, the Prince did not return home. He stayed on at the palace for several weeks, managing to see Lea for at least a moment every day. Though he did not mean to do it (for she was not very pleasant), he had fallen in love with her. He did not love *this* Lea — in fact, he did not even *like* her. But he loved the *real* Lea, who was hidden underneath all that vanity and selfishness.

Not just anyone could have known that there *was* another Lea, a true, beautiful, and unselfish one. But he had watched her with patience and kindness, and at last he decided what he would have to do.

If he could make the Princess smile, he would have accomplished the first part of his task. If he could make her shed one tear of sorrow, he would have achieved the second goal. And if he could make her cry the cry of needing him, he knew the selfishness would be gone, and the real Lea would be known.

One bright afternoon, when Lea was taking a walk in the royal garden, the Prince saw her, and came out to join her. The more she saw him, the more she hated him (or so she thought), for he would never, never say that he thought she was beautiful.

Finally, on this particular day, Lea could stand it no longer, and so she decided to ask him.

"Am I beautiful?", she said.

"I am not sure," he answered. "I think so."

"What do you mean? Can you not see me?", she asked.

"Of course I can see you, my Princess," he replied, "but Beauty cannot be seen. Perhaps, if you removed the mask you wear, I would know your Beauty. Perhaps, then, you would know my love."

"You love me?", cried the Princess, astonished. "Why have you not spoken?"

"I could not tell you, lovely Lea, because you were not listening for love like mine, but for love of your own design. As great as your physical beauty and intelligence are, they were given to you by God. And my admiration of them might have made you too proud, and that would have smothered the beautiful and unselfish person within your body."

"Person-within-my body," Lea echoed. "I never thought of that."

Suddenly, she stopped walking, looking at him, and smiled.

They sat near the edge of a pool, and looked at each other, smiling for several moments.

Then, all at once Lea stopped smiling and said, "Oh, how foolish I have been! I'm sorry! So sorry!"

As she spoke, one tear fell from her eye. Before it touched the ground, the Prince held out his hand and caught it. Lea asked him why he did that.

"You will know, dear Princess," he answered. "You will know."

"Oh," she cried, "you are so wise. I wish I were as wise as you. Oh, my Prince, will you help me to gain Wisdom? Do say you will help me!"

Then, she cried the cry she had never known before, the cry of needing someone. The Prince knew that at last he had found the real Lea, and that she was now ready to be his Queen. For the first step towards wisdom is to realize one's foolishness.

"My love," whispered Lea, "do you still hold my tear in your hand?"

The Prince did not answer, but he opened his hand and gave her the now precious gift which she had first given him. For in place of the tear, once the symbol of sorrow, now lay the gift of happiness eternal — a shimmering pearl.

THAT AWFUL TRUTH . . .

(Continued from Page 19)

While he does differ with us on certain theological questions, his works, nevertheless, deserve to be read and deeply admired. The basic truths are there. He already has been an influence on such great authors as Dorothy

Sayers, T. S. Eliot, and his friend C. S. Lewis. Williams died in his native England in 1945, at the age of fifty-eight. He had enjoyed the world for he had exulted in God . . . that awful Truth.

THE WILL TO WIN . . .

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but one who sparked his team and the sport in general with renewed enthusiasm, with a keener and more compelling urge to win.

Lecturer Smith gave another case in point. He remarked how gently driven balls were all the rage during baseball's immature stage. They were, he qualified the statement, until Ed Delahanty introduced the revolutionary technique of giving the ball a Gay Nineties' version of the "power-drive." The generality of players became convinced of the hard-hit ball's effectiveness, slowly but surely. In the interim, Delahanty very graciously provided object lessons for his onlookers by knocking off an occasional fielder's shoe and breaking his ankle.

Finally, Robert Smith told the story of one of Philadelphia's revered pitchers — Ed Waddel. A sucker for applause, it became Ed's custom to take off his hat and bow after every well-delivered ball. It seemed that Ed just had a passion for easy living. To make his work even more enjoyable, pitcher Waddel took advantage of a somewhat ambiguous rule then in existence: a rule relating to hours of play that in no way compelled the starting pitcher to remain for the entire game. Hence, after four or five innings of

sheer physical exertion, Waddel would leave to go fishing. If this rage for shorter hours had spread, baseball's future would indeed have been dark. More stringent rules on the subject obviously were in order, and with them, there came into being that indefinable "esprit de corps" which has led a one-legged Monty Stratton to return to the mound, or an ailing Babe Ruth to keep right on hitting.

Mr. Smith could have gone on ad infinitum but he had made his point. Baseball expresses, so he claims, a fundamental American trait — a peculiar compound of aggressiveness, perseverance, and democracy, called for the sake of convenience, the urge to win. In view of this characteristic latent in the American male, it was inevitable that the sport should develop from the original "gentleman's game" for club members only, that it was, into the spirited national recreation that it is. Smith drew the further corollary that this victory drive exerted its influence persistently until the "powers-that-be" took cognizance of and provided for it: particularly by abandoning traditional and obsolete rules in favor of those newly developed ones well calculated to spark opposing teams with a keen sense of rivalry and a burning will to win!

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THE SEED

MARION ORLANDO '53

Spring was coming late that year. The herders complained that the streams were yet frozen from the harsh winter, and their oxen and cattle had no water to drink. All around the village, the earth was cold and crusted.

However, the crisp air did not hinder the shepherds from tending their woolly flocks. Each thinly frosted dawn they would wrap themselves more warmly in their thick blankets, and traverse the hilly regions, gathering and counting their gangling ewes and sheep. The whole village arose early, especially since the holy season was approaching. Families, in caravans, began to cross the deserts to join others and to celebrate together. The women began preparing for the occasion by kneading and baking the bread, and richly seasoning the full-blooded shanks of meat. Through the cool air one could smell the tangy odors coming from the stone houses and mud huts. No, it certainly did not smell like spring.

On one such morning, a great commotion arose in the village. Children chattered and fooled in the square, getting in the way of the older people who were busily scrubbing the stones in front of their houses until they shone. An old, toothless hag shouted cries at the boys and girls.

"Quiet, quiet, do you not know what day this is?", she shouted through her withered lips. "Hush, you magpies."

Down the road an innkeeper flung open his inn-gate, and roughly pushed a grimy looking, bewhiskered man out onto the dirt road. A group of children stared admiringly at the disheveled man as he calmly got up and brushed the dirt from his robes. With the same confidence, he strode over to a drinking trough to which his camel had been tied. The children followed him. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw them, and very casually, he turned to the children and bowed low before them. It was then that his camel butted him. The children roared; the bewildered man oozed with mud.

Up the hill, the old woman straightened her bent old back as far as she was able, craning her neck to examine the cloudless sky. With great effort she inhaled deeply. Yes, the day might have a warmth about it, she thought. She sniffed the clean air appreciatively.

A little boy ran up to her, tugging at the old woman's shawl.

"He's coming. He's coming, grandmother. Here is your stick. Come, I will help you. We must hurry."

The little boy pulled at the old lady, and together, the young and the old stumbled down the palm-strewn roads.

* * * * *

Aracam rubbed the dirt from his cloak. If he had some clear water —. Then he remembered that there was a well in the center of the village. With a last menacing look at his camel, he began to follow the road which led to the square.

Aracam noticed that a crowd was forming at the village square. Some were whispering to one another; others just stared, in awe of the man who was sitting upon a tired-looking donkey. The man's face radiated calm and serenity. You could see He, too, was much fatigued from his journey. Yet, there was a gentle smile upon his lips. He had some friends with Him, but they were fearful of the people pressing about them.

The camel-driver paid no attention to the man and his followers. He pushed his way through the crowd to get to the well. He was used to crowds, but he did not go very far. An old man clutched at Aracam's sleeve.

"Wait, you can not go there," the old man wheezed. "He is going to speak to us."

"So? Let Him speak. I am not stopping Him." Aracam glanced casually at the figure seated upon the worn-looking donkey. He proceeded to the well. Suddenly, he felt a pair of eyes upon him. The Nazarean, it was the

Nazarean who was staring at him so intently. Enough of that, Aracam thought, and he darted a malicious smile at the man amidst the palms. At the well, he dipped a kerchief into the water bucket, and proceeded to wash the stains from his garments.

The eyes gazed at him across the well. Aracam felt compelled to say something. After all, he did interrupt some preaching that was to occur.

"The . . . the stains are deep," he said faintly.

"Not too deep," was the reply. "Come, follow Me." He extended His hand across the well.

Aracam became confused. He searched around in the crowd for the "follower." But, all eyes were focused upon him. For one moment he wished he could disappear into the well. The eyes of Him were still melted upon him. Aracam was completely bewildered. And now, one of those fool disciples was beckoning him to the other side of the well. Not on your life, thought the camel-driver. He turned to flee, yet the eyes . . . the eyes. He could not help himself. He had to see His face again. Then, almost mechanically, he found himself being guided by his own feet to other other side of the stone well. He was directly in front of the Nazarean, now. The dirt on his robes was so obvious. He tried to hide the stains within the folds.

"Come, follow Me," the voice repeated.

The other shook his head vehemently. He would not be beguiled by this . . . this hypnotist before him. The Nazarean smiled knowingly. Then, from the folds of his garments, he removed a tiny white bead. It was some sort of seed.

"Take this, Aracam, in remembrance of Me. We shall burst the seed together."

That day, it was said by some, the Son of God had come, and to one he gave a seed. Through the village there was a sweet breeze stirring, and the sun beat more vigorously upon the brightly tiled rooves.

* * * * *

The stooped, heavily-bearded man trudged his way through the light dust which the warm wind was rising. His right sandal was squeaking from all the mud which had caked there. The sound annoyed him terribly, and he tried to tread lightly upon the foot. The breeze was delightful against his line-worn face, and the sun was vibrant upon his shaggy head. However, the camel which lagged be-

hind him was completely oblivious to the beautiful spring day, and had been troublesome all morning. Yet, Aracam did not seem to care. He, too, was oblivious . . . of the animal.

Ahead of him, he could see the hilly region, and the gleaming pastels of the buildings — the stark, shining buildings.

Some of his friends will probably be in the city. He will have company tonight, he pondered. Yes, so many hills, so many gleaming rooftops. He squinted his blood-shot eyes against the fiery sun, as he sought the landmarks of his destination. He wished to reach there by nightfall.

Through the garments about him, he could feel the tiny seed. "He" must be there, in this city. He clutched the seed for dear life. It was the first time anyone had given him a gift. He could recall the sad eyes, the penetrating eyes of He who had placed the seed into the wanderer's rough palm. He remembered the words, above all else. He must find the Nazarean.

He traveled on, until he reached the place where the lilies bloomed. It was spring. There, on the summit of the hill, he passed three soldiers pounding stakes into the barren sands. The seed, in the pouch around his neck seemed to grow heavier with each stroke the hammers laid.

Time went quickly, Aracam thought. It was getting dusky, he noticed. The buildings which he approached cast strange shadows upon the huge walls of the city. When he finally reached the gates, he hurried along the bumpy roads until he reached the inn. Aracam listened to the shouting behind the walls, a smile upon his leathery face. He would tell his friends, tonight. They, too, would help him find the Nazarean. He opened the heavy door, and a strong odor of crushed grapes filled his nostrils.

His friends had been surprised to see him. The young man with the red beard had asked him if he had brought the guards of Jerusalem with him. Another man sat in the corner, his beady eyes shifting from speaker to speaker. They called him Balcas. He poured wine from a large jug, and gulped it down with a polished deftness.

"Yes, Aracam, tonight we are tired of trouble. We have had it all week."

Aracam nodded his head agreeably.

"I am glad, Balcas. That is all the better reason for your helping me find Him."

"Who?", Balcas inquired.

"Who?" Aracam echoed. "Why. He who gave me the seed: He who wants me as a friend. The Nazarean, Balcas."

"Nazarean?" hissed Balcas. He reached across the table and caught Aracam by his mantle. "You have betrayed us to the Nazarean."

The others smiled behind their mugs.

"What have you to worry, Balcas? You have not been betrayed," the red-haired man stated.

Balcas flinched, and released his hold.

"Leave us alone, Aracam. Get out of here," he sullenly said. "Go and preach with your Nazarean. But, a lot of good that will do you," he added. Balcas looked approvingly at his friends, but they did their best to avoid his triumphal smile.

There was a profound silence in the room. Balcas frantically searched the bowed heads of the others. Then, he sidled up to Aracam, who, by this time, was really afraid for the first time in his renegade life.

"Get out of here, Disciple," Balcas ordered.

The man with the red beard lifted his eyes. He sighed deeply.

"You had better leave us, Aracam," he said. "You and your Master are unwanted here. You must know that by now."

"Not even the high priests want Him in the city," another stated.

A third man banged his cup on the table.

"More wine," he demanded.

Aracam looked surprisingly about him. They had resumed their shouting and drinking.

They do not understand, he thought. Then, his whole countenance shone. He is here. Aracam knew only that. Clutching the pouch with the seed, he quickly left the room. In the back of the inn-porch he passed some soldiers who were casting lots.

Let them drink. He smiled to himself. Somewhere in this cold city, his Master dwelled. Aracam shuddered with the joy that seeped through his body. Tears streamed down his face. All at once, as he lifted his eyes to the summit of the Hill, he saw the creamy lilies tossing in the wind. The dark shadows were ever increasing. They were playing tricks with the flowers, forming them into figures, writhing in agony.

The shadows reached into the inn, where Balcas drained another cup of the thick liquor. Thick like blood, he thought, but sweeter. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and laid a shiny piece of silver upon the table. Without any hesitation, he quickly tucked the other silver into his belt. He, too, went past the drunken soldiers, as they bent over their arduous task of gaming.

Both men felt the darkness pour upon the city. They saw the hill glowing with the lilies. Aracam had pulled his cloak tightly about him. The sky was swiftly darkening, and where once the hill was ablaze with dazzling white, there was now a blinding light of steel blue. The wind grew into gale-like torrents, seeming to pull the city from its very foundation. And from this awesome hill, a voice rang out. Aracam fell upon his knees, the wind and thunder hurtling about him.

"Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

And as suddenly as the darkness had fallen, the exaltations ceased. The breeze became warm again: the lilies had lifted their milky heads once more. Aracam hugged himself with a joy he never before had felt. He gazed wide-eyed upon the blazing summit. It rose, it swelled before him, until the lilies seemed to join the heavens, one with the sky and the earth.

Balcas also raised his eyes to the summit. There, he saw the crowd of people who quaked with fear. He saw three crosses swaying in the wind, the wood creaking from the weights they carried. Most of all, he smelled the fragrance of the flowers as they breathed upon the city. He turned his head from the terrible sight, and walked into the orchard, where a willow grew. Its branches were silky and easy to reach.

And on the third day Aracam's seed sprouted roots which were thick and strong. The tree grew tall upon the summit, casting its reflection over and beyond the city. It spread over the fertile soil, over the golden sand, and the blood upon that hill nurtured it well. For, the tree had encompassed the earth and the sky. It was one with heaven. And the lilies danced in the breeze, the whole world empowered by their scent.

THE EGO & I

By IRENE RINALDI '53

"It's morning, sunshine!"

A cascade of tinkling hobby-pins piled up on the floor as the girl reached over to shut off the alarm with a groan.

"Who said that?"

"I did. Your conscience. Your better self. Time to get up."

"Just a few minutes more, philosopher, please."

"That won't help. You have a nine o'clock class."

"Why do I have to go?"

"So you don't wind up overcut and less one B.A. degree."

"What's the difference? Why graduate? I'm too sleepy."

"Again! You do this every morning. College is a good thing and leads to better living."

"Why live?"

"To get to heaven. Happiness consists in beatitude and . . ."

"Bosh! Maybe there isn't any heaven and I can just sleep and sleep. Lovely annihilation . . ."

"I can't listen! Despair!"

"All right. I'll try to get out of this mood. You pester me so much I can't sleep, anyway. Ethics — what was that now? Synderesis. Awful early for such stuff. What first principles do I know? Sleep!"

"St. Thomas must be writhing at that! 'Do good and avoid evil'. Evil is the absence of good."

"And sleep is a good. I'll just rearrange this pillow a bit."

"Be reasonable."

"By all means. At seven A.M."

"Apply a few criteria. How about 'General Injury with General Observance'?"

"You mean, what would happen if no one

in the world got up today? No subways, no teachers, no schools. Ha! Who needs them?"

"No eating either. That would kill you."

"Puns for breakfast yet. Don't be dramatic. Everyone can last at least a few days."

"Ah, but after that. Nature never tends to destroy itself, you know."

"Well, whaddayaknow!"

"Don't give up. How about observing what good people generally do?"

"Sleep. Sleep. Sleep. . ."

"I can see we're going to need a primary criterion for human acts. What is the end of sleep?"

"Must it end?"

"The answer is rest, cutie. An overdose of sleep is a misuse."

"Just let me pervert it for a few more minutes!"

"Oh, come on. Let's analyze the human act. Object, end and circumstance. Object?"

"To get up . . . mmm. . ."

"End?"

"To go to school, to learn."

"There's something now. Think of the intellectual good. Art. Poetry."

"Ah, poetry. Mr. Swinburne.

"I am weary of days and hours,

Blown buds of barren flowers.

Desires and dreams and powers

And everything but sleep."

"But you have to live!"

"Why? ZZZZZZ. . ."

Unavoidably, the better half was forced into sleep by the girl's lower nature, and fortunately, could not utter the syllables she was thinking. But, look! There is the girl now, running up the stairs at college at 1:00 of a minute before 9 A.M. Has the doctrine of the Schoolmen succeeded? Has her religion saved her from despair? Sed contrarium, as Thomas of Aquin so shrewdly puts it. The external force of Mother was behind it.

PIACENZA

I.

*There are those who would accept Love blindly
And those who prefer to question endlessly.
In the days of Publius Lentulus, Ruler of Judea,
There was no difference in the general principle
And sitting down, he wrote — to the Senate of Rome
At a time, out of time, for all time, in a moment of time
"No man has seen him laugh,
But the whole world beheld him weep frequently:
And so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from joining
in sympathy with him."
On a common level, on a tangible level, revelation is useless — lost
Speech is only speech, words are only words, shallow as time!
Silence (as deep as eternity) spirit and love.
Who can bear eternity — on earth?*

Y tu lloraras . . .

*Y entonces . . . ! mas que nunca seras mio!**

II.

*For man, thou art a composite of strength and weakness
Save one, in whom there is only strength.
O Strength so overpowering that you should have seated yourself,
fatigued, by the side of a well
O Strength so consuming that you should have been thirsty
O Strength so compassionate that you should have wept at her weeping
Weakness that things-to-be hope for, the evidence of things that
appear not.
Strong, O seeming weakness, for those who understand that between us
Love should have intervened
. . . love, with its enormous disturbances
. . . love, with its extravagant logic
. . . . and Love is enough.
"Llora que aquea flaqueza tiene grande fortaleza
. . . . Pues la muerte ha conquistado."[†]*

III.

*To the end of time the generality of mankind will prefer sympathy . . .
When with a clap of arachnoid thunder
A world is suddenly gone that was lovingly built for all eternity.
Chimeral insidiousness raining upon amity now purged by mute shout
to comity!
Insufferable mean-medium-mediocrity — enmity bears more incalcescence,
. . . sympathy and understanding to erudition
Sympathy which having been must ever be
Weep with them that weep
. . . . a moment in time gave the meaning
AND — WEPT!*

*Y aunque nínque me ha herido
Tengo la cara con lagrimas![‡]*

* — And you shall weep . . .
and then . . . more than ever, you will be mine.

† — Weep, for this weakness has great strength
. . . Since it has conquered death.

‡ — And although no one has wounded me
Tears are on my face.

IV.

*One tear of Yours has more of truth than all
The dreams, hopes, fallacies, happiness that could not stay
Between one September and another November . . .
now and for eternity world without end.*

*Incredible disillusion
Unmeasured grief
Enormous loss
Lugubrious enigma
No pain apparent
Smothered with laughter
Gale of April
Enchantment of Maytime
Strength beyond hope and disappointment
Through a cloud of tears restoring*

*Rejoicing in hope — above all else to strive, to learn
One tear of Love — life unto unending life
. . . and Love is enough
LOVE IS.*

AGNES M. GRECO '53

THE ENDING, A TRAGEDY

By MARY EMILIO '56

He was tired when he got home. He took off his jacket and sat down on the bed. He felt old, old and tired, and ready to give up. He had just seen another publisher. He had put off going all day — because he was afraid — and he had been right. The answer was the same as all the others — “Sorry, but this isn’t the kind of stuff the public wants. The story isn’t bad, but the ending is all wrong.” The ending is all wrong . . . the phrase haunted him. At night as he sat thinking he could hear it . . . the ending is all wrong . . . all wrong . . . your ending is all wrong. But, of course, it wasn’t. He knew it wasn’t. That was why he wouldn’t change it. He knew he would have a decent chance if he would go over to their side, but he just couldn’t do it. The ending . . . a few little lines. Changing them might mean getting it published. He started talking silently to himself. I can’t change the ending. How could I? If I did, he would be a hero, and he isn’t. A hero . . . that was what they had told him. “Your story needs a hero.” You always had to have a hero. It was another one of the unwritten rules. You had to have a hero. One the women would love and then men would envy. He sat down at the typewriter. Then he remembered the letter. He had been carrying it around with him all day. He started to read it over again: his eyes remained fixed on the last lines. “Remember that even if you do get anything published, very few people will read it. There will be a few who will read and understand, a few who will pretend to understand, and the vast majority that won’t even try to understand.” That was the answer he had gotten from the brilliant writer whom he had worshipped all his life. He looked at his manuscript. He knew it was the best thing he had ever written. And he smiled an awful, ugly smile as he started to type the new ending.

THE ANTIC ARMENIAN

By ANN FALLERT '55

William Saroyan, who has long been the most unique nonconformist in American letters, seems to have reached his peak of unconventionality in his writing for the theater. As a playwright, he has presented a perfect target for colorful critical epithets. He has been called, "that antic Armenian," "a literary jackanapes and self-styled genius," "the Salvador Dali of the drama," "as obscure as James Joyce," and "the *enfant terrible* of the theatre." These particular appellations were indicative of the N.Y. drama critics' reactions to Saroyan's first production, *My Heart's In The Highlands*.

Saroyan may be undisciplined in his deliberate defiance of dramatic canons, but he is certainly not obscure, at least in his early plays, nor is he a surrealist as the parallel to Dali implies. However, not all the reviewers were on the dissenting side. Many of them were impressed and enchanted — if that is an adjective that can be applied to N.Y. theater critics — with the play's freshness and originality.

Saroyan's own opinion was, of course, superlative. He upheld his well founded reputation for exhibiting unbounded enthusiasm toward his own work when he stated that "It is surely impertinent for me to believe that the greater and truer American theatre shall begin its life after the appearance and influence of this play, but God forgive me, that is what I believe."

This is probably what any and every normal playwright feels about his own play but only Saroyan, unfettered by conventional concern for public opinion would have the unselfconscious honesty, the unfeigned artlessness to admit it — and admit it in writing.

Thus, with his very first play Saroyan admittedly tried to revolutionize the American stage. He sought to infuse new life into an American theater which he thought was not equal to the dramatic materials provided by the American environment and people. He wanted to lead the playwrights back to in-

tegrity, reality, truth, imagination, and a concern about valid potentialities in living and in art.

This was a noble intention, even if it was not actually realized. *My Heart's In The Highlands* did not result in Saroyan's concept of the greater and truer American theater, but it was an important contribution, if not an important influence to that theater.

It is a delightfully whimsical and tender fantasy, full of an exuberant joy in just being alive, and a Whitmanesque love and compassion for everybody, particularly the common, ordinary human being. However, Saroyan's people are never really ordinary or common. They are full of beauty, and poetry, and love, and sadness, and humor, and innocence, and nobility. It's a nice idea, but it only happens in Saroyan.

The main characters of this play, which deals basically with the artist in relation to the world, are Ben Alexander, a poor and unappreciated poet who can not sell his poems, his sensitive son, Johnny, and an old Shakespearean actor, Jasper MacGregor whose heart is in the highlands and who can play his bugle so beautifully that all the Villagers bring their gifts of food.

There is great and sincere pathos in the picture of the unsuccessful poet. As his son Johnny observes, "something's wrong somewhere" in a word that doesn't recognize a great man. But the poet is never defeated, he retains his integrity and his faith for he is a great man.

Saroyan insists that there is in the play no theme that can be expressed in words, but rather that the meaning of the play is the meaning of reality itself. This does not mean that it is realistic. For only in Saroyan's wonderful world of fantasy do people think and act and live the way they do in *My Heart's In the Highlands*.

Saroyan admitted at the time that the play was relatively a trifle and added, "but I also know of no one else who hopes for more for

the American theatre than myself, and plans to do something about fulfilling these hopes personally."

This was no idle promise, for in the same year, 1939, *The Time of Your Life* appeared on Broadway. Here was another joyous, unsophisticated and emotionally impulsive view of the human comedy of life, having no more artistic discipline than the lyric outburst of his first play. It was quite a critical and popular success, as evidenced by its winning both the Critics Circle award and the Pulitzer Prize. The latter, incidentally, was refused along with its \$1,000.00 check on the grounds that wealth had no right to patronize art — an example of Saroyan's natural or studied eccentricity.

The Time of Your Life was the playwright's first and last big hit. He wrote many more plays, and some of them such as *Love's Old Sweet Song*, *The Beautiful People* and *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*, were produced. However, after the novelty had worn off, Saroyan had a very limited theater public. Audiences were too used to a well-made play with a plot consisting of the conventional conflict, crisis and climax, to be intrigued for long by his rambling artlessness and simplicity.

For a while, Saroyan's plays, both produced and unproduced, retained their basically naive point of view. However, a change came with *Get Away Old Man*, produced unsuccessfully by George Abbott in 1943. This is a play about Hollywood, a place where Saroyan evidently had some unhappy experience. In it, he is still concerned with people, but they are no longer nice people, they are instead base, scheming, lying, pseudo-sophisticates. Saroyan, the artist, had apparently discovered the possibility of downright meanness in people even in his world of fantasy.

The same attitude underlies Saroyan's latest published play, *The Slaughter of the Innocents*. It seems to be an attempt at a tragedy, but on the whole, the tone is not tragic, it is simply dismal, relieved only by a very few instances of the old sincere and tender pathos.

The editors of *Theatre Arts* magazine, in which the play appeared, feel that, "Its theme is a larger, more momentous one than Mr. Saroyan has ever undertaken before: no less than that of the traditional freedoms of democracy at a time when pressures to jettison those freedoms mount higher everywhere day by day." Saroyan simply jumped on the

literary bandwagon when he chose this theme.

It is particularly concerned with the activity of an unjust and irrational, totalitarian exterminatory trial of a group of "innocents." But it is such a ridiculously exaggerated account that it loses all the inherent horror of the situation, verging on a parody rather than a plea for human freedom.

Despite this, there are some basic Saroyan touches left. There is the girl, Rose, who insists on the human identity of the persecuted and the persecutor, "No, we're all together. *We* accuse and kill, and we *are* accused, and we *are* killed." And there is Abernathy, one of the victims, who made up his mind as a schoolboy to become the richest man in the world, and who now prints pictures of his family on counterfeit thousand dollar bills.

Saroyan also manages to get many things said in this play, some of them quite profound, such as the inability of even the persecutors to survive in the sick world they have created out of panic and fear, or the fact that "it's no good putting ignorance with power . . . power must be put with intelligence and kindness."

An uncertain element of hope is injected into the maze of evil when the people as well as the court, which is controlled by a determining directive from a higher power, rebel against the murder of a three year old boy. The whole is topped off by a particularly obscure and unresolved ending.

In a reply to the President of the Columbia Players who requested permission to produce *Slaughter of the Innocents*, Saroyan, besides answering no, included some comments on his plays in general. He laments the fact that he has so many that have not been produced professionally, but remains optimistic.

"These are plays I, an American playwright, have written. On that account alone they are important, but that isn't enough, even to me; I say they are, every one of them, first of all entertaining, that they are plays for playing, that they belong on the boards of a living theatre, that they require nothing more than skill to make them irresistible and meaningfully satisfying to people.

So what happens? Nothing, or at any rate only this: I write the plays. I intend to write many more. I am sure they will all be produced in time."

This optimism is not entirely groundless.

for Saroyan has found a new outlet in the medium of television. Several of his one act plays have been produced on the Ford Foundation program. *Omnibus*. This may not be as satisfying as the legitimate stage, but at least they are being seen and realizing their function, for as Saroyan says, "a play, as a performed thing, is achieved on the boards" — even the boards of a television studio.

The quality of his television work has been far from consistent. It reached its low point in the enigmatic and diffuse *Vive!* This rambling, almost boring, episode, in which two old frenchmen spoke unintelligibly of life, the world, and painting a wall, starred Bobby Clark and Bert Lahr. This was cer-

tainly a mistake because audiences naturally expected these two extremely funny comedians to be hilarious, and this of course was not Saroyan's purpose.

However, just when it seemed as if this playwright was finished as a playwright, he came up with a beautifully integrated and engagingly honest drama, *The Oyster and the Pearl*. Saroyan showed his old wonderful form in this play about a philosophical barber in a small town called O.K.-by-the-Sea, and about the miracle of belief and faith.

If future plays keep going in this same direction, Saroyan might even get back to the spirit of *My Heart's In The Highlands*.

MISTRESS SPRING

By EVELYN WRIGHT '56

She is warmth and tenderness, love and beauty, freshness and simplicity, woven into a complex irresistible woman. Acknowledged by all the world, delight of the old, mistress of the young, she enchants and holds all who come within her spell. Unable to resist, men fall at her feet; poets write sonnets to her beauty; artists paint her in each new shade she wears. Yet none, lover, poet, artist, none can ever quite capture her as she really is, for she is all things to all men.

To the man of the world, she is charming and sophisticated, desirable, yet coolly aloof, playful but determined, yielding but still elusive. To the less intelligent, prodding and unimaginative, she is gentle and serene, warm and quiet. She soothes the wrath of the angered and caresses the brow of the lover. She gives hope and new life to the weary, comfort to the broken-hearted, love to the forelorn. She brings happiness to each of these, yet to none will she completely surrender.

And what of her? Is she beautiful, delicate, fair? Yes, and more. Her hair is brown, the deep, warm brown of the earth, and about her head shines a golden halo. Her eyes, deep and blue, hold the knowledge of the ages, and when ones gaze meets her, everything is forgotten in the calm and tranquility of her eyes. Her fair skin, seemingly kissed by the dew, and her rose red lips make her a vision. She wears many colors, yellow, blue, violet, red, but these are always accompanied by green. Her laughter is like the tinkle of a thousand blue bells; her smile like the sun breaking through the clouds after a storm. When she walks, a gentle rustle is all that is heard, and when she speaks, oh! that is a delight to hear — a gentle murmur, a sweet lullaby, a whispered *chanson d'amour*.

No earthly woman can equal her beauty; no man attain it. She stands just beyond the grasp of mortal man, accepting his admiration and love, exciting his desires, but existing only for One. All of her beauty and charm she lays before Him; He alone can know the mysteries that her misty eyes veil; to Him only, does she surrender herself completely. She accepts the honor men bestow upon her as Queen of the Seasons and Mistress of the Earth, and in turn, humbly places herself at her Lover's feet, and in her gentle voice whispers the sweet melodies that men long to hear, and with her arms upraised surrenders herself completely to the glorification of her Master, Almighty God.

IN GOOD TIME

I suppose the most familiar picture around these ivy covered walls is the sight of the latecomers making that last dash down Clinton Avenue to beat the 9 o'clock (or 10 o'clock) bell. Ludicrous as it may seem, there are some individuals who are invariably late for everything. We appear breathless and tired, we disrupt the teacher and disturb the other students who were on time, by climbing over them to get to our place. There are many among us who have possibly lost a friend, term credits or raise in pay, just because of the inability to be on time.

Aside from the embarrassing realization that other people are subjected to the same traffic jams, train tie-ups or other unavoidable occurrences as we are, there are times when chronic tardiness can be a real sorrow. No one would want to miss their own graduation — (to see a four year achievement spoiled because of a few minutes). On the other hand, it's really tragic to miss seeing someone off who is leaving to go in the service, especially if they're going overseas. As usual we always plan to reform but never do.

One tendency that is typical of latecomers is that we are always laden down with excuses. In between, "the alarm never went off" and "I forgot the overnight book" is a vast store of originality and ingenuity. But the heartbreak comes when with all good intentions, we go to bed early the night before, get up a half-hour earlier the next morning, and still are late — then it is time to worry.

If we glance over what psychiatrists have said on the subject, we might find a solution for what is now considered like alcoholism — a disease. Psychiatrists claim that the only reason we are chronically late is: unconsciously, we don't want to be on time. Lateness, say the experts, is a form of rebellion. In the extreme, it could be rooted in a deep inferiority complex or in different modes of resisting authority. Possibly when we were very young, punctuality was stressed upon us — made a cardinal principle to be followed. It might also stem from a sense of insecurity. In the case of the student, she might feel the teacher dislikes her and to be late is the only way to get even. Or she might unconsciously dislike the subject matter in her first class and rather than switch to another field she shunts the responsibility on to the school or the teacher.

Whatever the reason, it is up to individuals to recognize these symptoms and deal with them accordingly. Like over-eating or drinking, the basic conflict is within oneself, and therein lies the solution. If we are willing to give up transparent excuses, there are a few basic principles, which if faithfully applied, can lead to a speedy recovery.

An important item is to correlate our distance with the proper amount of time, remembering that taxis and trains are variables that don't appear upon command. Also that the person we are meeting thinks enough of us to be on time and is unaware of our feelings of inferiority. Or even start our venture with an earlier hour in mind while at the same time, letting nothing else detain us from our intention. The best cure is to leave the house, come what may, without returning to see if the radio was shut off, sans makeup, sans homework, sans lunch and the horrible sight of our unprimed selves will naturally mend tardy ways. If worked upon sincerely, lateness like any other bad habit can be broken. Our social status is sure to improve, even to the point where our whole outlook on life will change because we can enjoy it — in good time.

GERALDYNE FLYNN '53



They Tell Me . . .

By CARMEN ORTEGA '54

. . . THAT A ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GIRL is looking for a man — period, but a recent poll participated in by 141 students has proven that not just any man will do. A student of our institute of learning is discriminating — she searches for a man with certain qualities and virtues. Sincerity, consideration, a sense of humor and money — these are the much desired characteristics which a husband of the future must possess. In addition, virility, good looks, and truthfulness stand high on the list of musts. To others, yellow Cadillacs, sideburns, muscles, white bucks, peg pants, a well-stocked wine cellar, crew-cuts, broad shoulders and long arms, mustaches, and a love for St. Bernard dogs are more important. One pollster, a Senior, wants a man with "strength of character (the kind that doesn't mind walking in the rain, waiting half hour holding your bag, and is generally a good sport about being dragged to things at St. Joseph's)." Despite the impressive lit of requisites, however, all may be summed up in the opinion of one practical Josephite who in her man desires "appearance — the sooner the better."

. . . THAT "IF PATRICK HENRY THOUGHT TAXATION without representation was bad, he should see it *with* representation." Finer words were never spoken, and even we of the college level must suffer the consequences. To secure an education, many collegiates must seek summer employment, and part-time work during the winter months. It is an injustice that only \$600.00 may be earned if one wishes to remain an exemption: it is unfair that these restricted wages must be so extensively taxed. Lack of funds is a powerful argument against a higher education. If the country desires an intelligent populace, it must endeavor to free the road to a college training from unnecessary burdens. Remove the ceilings on total earnings and give us collegiates an opportunity to provide for ourselves.

. . . THAT MURKEN'S IS THE BUSIEST SPOT IN ST. JOE'S, but that ain't true at 10 A.M. You can find anyone you're looking for gathered round a 2 by 5 feet wooden box waiting for that all important item — THE LETTER. A stamp is just a stamp, stationery is just stationery, and a pen is just a pen — but put these together and you cause excitement of the first class. If you had my job as mailwoman, you could meet them all — Angela frantically searching for her air-mail letter, Marilyn gathering up her mysterious parcels, Maura and Marylee picking up their two daily letters, Rosemary sighing over her frilly Valentine, and Mary opening the letter addressed to "Usn's." Take it from a gal who's always first in line — there's no call like the mail call.

. . . THAT BABY SITTING ISN'T WORTH IT, but I disagree. Where else can you eat, drink watch television — and be paid for it? 'Tis a lazywoman's job I'll grant you, but it serves many purposes in my case. Since I baby-sit for my dentist, dental services are included as part of the evening's activities. Then, after the unsuspecting parents have departed, my child study norms appear and I attempt to determine whether these four monsters they call children can pass the normality tests. In addition — benefits include telephone service without charge, a soft sofa conducive to sleep, and a tax-free income. If this is work, give me more of it!

. . . THAT ONLY A FARMER LOVES A RAINY DAY, but if you've ever put on your old clothes and boots, abandoned your umbrella and sloshed along the city streets walking in the rain, you know that the farmer and I have something in common. I don't know what it is, but no matter how tired I feel, or how disgusted and disappointed I am, everything is forgotten when I can walk briskly along, with the rain in my face. Let the next downpour be your debut into our group of rain-lovers. We'll walk together — you, I, and Charles Kingsley who has appropriately declared:

*"And the world goes up and the world goes down.
And the sunshine follows the rain."*

. . . THAT SEX IS THE NO. 1 TOPIC DISCUSSED in college bull sessions today, and with the conflict of standards followed by the coeds, it's time we Catholic college girls had a say. In a recent article in *Cosmopolitan* entitled "What Today's College Girls Believe About Sex," the secular viewpoint was aptly expressed by one girl who summed it up. "We live in a democracy, and we're accustomed to thinking as individuals in many fields. I'm glad. I think we're coming to realize that sex, too, is an individual matter." What a convenient outlook, this relativism in morality — how easy to adopt this personal attitude as to what is right and wrong. Easy and convenient yes, but dangerous! Sex is individual in that it is a private matter; it is not individual as regards the setting of moral standards. The viewpoints of the wives and mothers of the future must be the correct viewpoint if a decent social and moral order is to exist. Catholic collegiates must remain true to their objective beliefs — there can be no bargaining of truth and morality. Statistics which declare that 25 to 30% of college girls lose their virginity, and that 91% of all engaged couples indulge in sex before the wedding ceremony have no place in the Catholic world. What Today's Catholic College Girls Believe About Sex is that it is a gift of God, to be used and enjoyed according to the limitations of the moral law, especially in marriage when man and woman are elevated to the awesome dignity of co-creators with God of new life.

. . . THAT SUMMER IS ALMOST HERE, but till final exams are finished I won't believe it. This is our last issue of Loria till next term, though, and so to all you "They Tell Me" readers, have a wonderful vacation!

THE DARKNESS BEYOND

By MARY BRENNAN '54

The street was very dark. There were no shadows, just a blackness that saturated everything. Deep, oppressive darkness, and in the midst of it stood a girl who blended so well into her surroundings that she was invisible. If you were standing right in front of her you wouldn't be able to see her face. Perhaps that would be for the best, thought. At one time she was very beautiful, but now she was the ugliest woman in the world. But in the dark it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, really. She was there and that was all.

She had been standing there for a long time, straight, steady, motionless. Oh, yes, she had tried to get away, but her feet wouldn't move when she had wanted them to. If they had been riveted to the ground, she couldn't have been more helpless. There was nothing for her to do but stand and wait. What else could she do? Just wait, and wait . . . for something, for anything, for nothing at all.

It was hard to tell how long she had been there, but it seemed like an eternity. There had been no object, no person, no sound to break the monotony. It was so still that the quiet of the place fairly screamed out at her. If the air had been rent with shrills, screams or explosions, it could not have been more terrifying. For deathly silence, unbroken and unlimited, can be far more horrifying than the roar of a hundred wild beasts. It can haunt you and taunt you and drive you to the brink of insanity. Noise may be conquered, silence can never be. There is nothing in it to conquer.

She could scream, and she did. But after her voice had torn through the stillness, only quiet remained — unbeaten, untarnished, unrelenting. It had defeated everything, even the darkness. For in the distance, the heavy blackness had begun to lift and she was able to see, for the first time, another, brighter street, where people were moving about so freely that they seemed to float. They were moving quickly away from her, never looking behind, intent on reaching someone or something she couldn't see. Why couldn't she be with them? Why hadn't she tried to reach the Light before? Why? Why? Why? There were so many questions that were waiting to be answered. So many questions — but she would never answer again.

More and more people came and went into the Light. It was like a mass pilgrimage. Everyone just moving onward, onward, onward to peace and love and life. And she was still standing in darkness, alone. She wanted to run, to catch up with them, and journey with them forever. But her feet would not move now, as they would not move before: as they would never move again. She wanted them all to go away: she didn't want to see them anymore. Oh, let the blackness cover everything again. Let it take away this dreadful Light and smother all those pilgrims! She winced and writhed and tried to shut out the Light with her hands. But it would not go. It was as strong and stubborn as the silence.

The people passed on and then, for a while, no more of them came. There was a lull in the pilgrimage: she was hoping it had come to an end. It was much easier to be caught in the darkness when there was no one moving through the Light.

But the easiness was not to last. Someone else was coming into the Light, alone this time, a straggler. The figure stood and looked around, searching for something that didn't seem to be there. He looked into the Light, and then into the darkness. As he turned toward her, she strained to see who it was. At

first she couldn't make out his features; they were blurred and fuzzy. But as the Light centered on his face, she recognized him as someone she used to know. Someone she used to be with all the time. And suddenly she wanted to be with him again.

She struggled against the darkness as she had never done before. Her legs strained against the mysterious force that was holding her prisoner; every muscle in her body strained against the magnetic pull. Nothing happened. He looked right toward her, but he didn't see anything; and then he started to run away. She screamed after him, but he didn't hear. He was looking into the Light and was running toward it, his arms thrown wide, his head held straight and high. Again and again, she screamed after him, but the sound came back at her and swallowed her up in wave after wave of ponderous force. They beat against her unmercifully, until she was crushed by their vicious pounding.

The fight was over. All her strength had left her; her doom was sealed. With a great sigh she resigned herself to One whose will she could not break. All too late she realized a truth she had always scorned. It flared up in front of her now, that terrible truth, that NO ONE HEARS THE CRY OF THE DAMNED!

THOUGHTS

By MARY SHEA '55

To watch a young child make his first awkward attempt at formal learning is a most provocative experience. As I, the "elder observer," am plumbing the deep secrets of epistemology, this child before me is struggling, and really struggling, with the terrible intricacies of a capital "A". As I am discovering the number of planes in a four dimensional figure, he is wondering why it's so difficult to remember the elusive answer to one plus one. As I am "intellectually" debating the proofs for the existence of a First Cause, he is dogmatically and effortlessly declaring that God made the world. (If you should ask him how he knows this, he'll confidently tell you that Sister told him so.)

As I watch and compare, I begin to wonder what has happened to my mind during those relatively few years since childhood. The differences between the first grade primer and the philosophy book standing side by side on our library shelf might not seem too significant to the casual eye — but the differences between the minds capable of understanding these are almost immeasurable. So vast is the gulf that it seems as if a lifetime would be too short a time to bridge it.

But in a few short years, the tremendous miracle of learning will again take place, and this child will be capable of understanding the most precious thoughts of God and men. And some day, too, he will realize that his mind has grown up — as he takes his turn watching another youngster learn his A B C's.

"WOMAN IS THE LESSER MAN . . ."

By MARY SHEA '55

. . . Declared Alfred Lord Tennyson in one of his more defiant moments. By many people (especially students in a woman's college) these may be considered as fighting words — words that justify any number of prejudiced and vigorous treatises defending the "weaker" sex. But, at the same time, it is possible and justifiable for a fairly objective person (even a woman) to wonder if there is any truth in Tennyson's statement.

In conducting an investigation to determine the situation, the examiner is immediately forced to admit that, up to this point in history, woman has certainly lagged behind man in the creative arts. In painting and music, not a single female has yet showed her genius to the waiting world. This is especially unusual when we consider that music and art have long occupied prominent positions in her educational curriculum. In philosophy, the peak of creative thought, there has not only never been a female genius, but there has also been a decided lack of even second-rate woman thinkers. Considering literature as the fourth outlet for creativity, some energetic feminists extol the respective merits of such writers as Emily Bronte, Jane Austen and George Eliot. But the objective observer is again forced to admit that not a single one of these (or even all three together) is equal in stature to Dante, Shakespeare or Milton.

Since it is an established fact that woman has failed directly in the creative arts, we are obliged to look for some explanation. To do this, some consideration must first be given to the whole notion of "intelligence." Intelligence is a very vague term: there are innumerable theories regarding its operation and just as many definitions concerning its nature. Simply, however, intelligence can be considered either as a capacity for understanding or as an ability to apprehend relationships so as to reach a conclusion. It is obvious even from such an elementary definition that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to accurately measure the bare intelligence. Intellect is also sometimes described as the faculty through which we see life sanely, without much pity or emotion. Since feeling lends color to mental processes, it can be said that even the most abstract conclusion is affected by emotion — another difficulty in the way of measurement.

However, as a result of numerous and varied tests, there seems to be a strong indication that woman's intelligence is in no way inferior in power to that of man's. Woman has at least rivaled the genius of man sufficiently to prove that she labors under no inherent deficit. Hence, we cannot conclude that woman does not create because she has been deprived of the potentiality necessary for such an act.

Another explanation offered for woman's failure in the arts suggests that woman has been dominated for centuries by man. It is stated that she has been deprived of the educational facilities available to men and has not, in general, had the same opportunities to develop her mind. Certainly there is a great deal of truth in such reasoning, but it does not by any means *fully* explain the total absence of women in the fields of concentrated and original thought. We must

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"WHEN I TALK OF WOMEN . . ."

By HELEN LANDE '54

. . . I do not speak of them according to a separate, peculiar and womanly standard, but according to the common standard of human nature." Elizabeth B. Browning said that, and I, for one, am inclined to agree with her.

Elizabeth and I, therefore (and especially students in women's colleges), take issue with the foregoing article and rise to a "vigorous and unprejudiced" (we trust) defense of one half of the human race.

It has been asserted that throughout history's variegated course, men have by far outstripped their feminine counterparts in the arts, in the sciences, in creative expression generally. On the balance scale, we can merely place single representatives — Sappho, Catherine of Sienna, Madame Curie — in the vain attempt to equate the genius of Aristotle, Augustine, Pasteur and their hosts of disciples.

But, we insist, the world's truly great women cannot be considered exceptions — exceptions to the categorical law that woman *by nature* is incapable of paralleling masculine achievement. Rather, a Teresa of Avila proves that a woman *can* — although she has not in impressive numbers done so — reach the philosophical and artistic heights attained by man.

Most assuredly, there is an explanation for woman's secondary role in the creative arts. Feminists and anti-feminists alike confess they cannot find that woman suffers from an inherent intellectual defect — and rightly so! Physiologists find neither a male, nor a female brain, but a *human* brain and nervous system. Psychologists discover no sexual distinctions in intellectual capacity or potentiality. Ethicians maintain that the human will and intellect are unique. As a matter of fact, it has been proved that men and women differ intellectually more among themselves than between each other.

Logically, it has been maintained that we must look elsewhere for the solution of the problem. Perhaps there are differences in education and environment? These, the dogged supporters of masculine superiority declare, are insufficient — and herein lies the crux of the controversy. They rely, instead, upon the "different natural characteristics of the two sexes" for the answer to the age-old question.

Yet once we accept the fact that the intellect and its physical substratum are asexual, we preclude the possibility of there being any different *essential* intellectual characteristics of man and woman respectively.

To buttress our argument philosophically, we state that man, in the generic sense, has necessarily but a single form, the soul. Consequently, the faculties of that soul, the intellect and will, are one. There are tremendous implications in this postulate when we consider that all ones acts proceed from the intellect and will as from a principle.

Therefore, we claim that any variant intellectual characteristics of the sexes cannot be called natural — (how could they then spring from a single human nature) — they cannot be essential, and necessarily, they must be accidental differences, accidental differences fostered not by nature, but by environment.

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FROM NINE TO FIVE

By CLAUDE JORDAN 753

It is Monday once more. It means another week of work, same thing, day in day out. Same faces: same comments, same everything. But, I must say we all seem to look forward to the weekends: at least, it breaks up the monotony, and we can plan on doing something we really feel like doing, even though it might just be staying at home and listening to the radio. Most of us here, in this office, are married. I also have a wife to support and, although I do not earn a fortune, we are still happy, and perhaps someday, who knows, we might buy a little home in the country. I think of it whenever the going gets dull: it sort of makes me forget. When you think of it no job is really dull if only you have your day dreams: you can sail away to distant lands, you can be a prince, a Don Juan, or whatever you like, while your hands function automatically. Do not get me wrong, I am quite satisfied, in fact, I rather find it interesting to work here. But what I really want to talk to you about is not about myself: that you already know, but this man there, sitting in front of me. Yes, this fellow, with the steel-brimmed spectacles, bending diligently over his work. He does not seem to hear or see anything, so engrossed is he, not that it is a stimulating thing to add up numbers and numbers, all day long. But that is his job, and he has been at it for sixteen years now.

Yes, this is Monsieur Petitpoint. Unpretentious, unnoticed, unimportant. He just IS. Probably there is such a one like him in every office. Well, in this one, it is Monsieur Petitpoint. Ah! and to have been blessed with such a name besides! but it seems to fit him quite well. Indeed, Aristide Petitpoint is not an imposing fellow. No, rather the type who passes by unnoticed due to his ordinary features, not ugly, mind you, but simply ordinary and tending to be on the puny side. He wears the same dull-gray suit year in, year out, and just a plain tie, black as though he were in mourning. You may find it strange that I stop to give you the details of his clothes, but somehow you cannot help but notice everything about a person who sits in

front of you month after month. We never exchanged more than a "bonjour" and a "bonsoir" and a few words about the condition of the weather. Monsieur Petitpoint, is a man of very few words, the reason being that he never seems to have anything to say, or perhaps, he holds us all in contempt, for he is an educated man, but still of no great importance as a bookkeeper. I say, that he is of no great importance: yes, that is true (and for that matter, who is?), but still, Monsieur Rondin, the boss, seems to find a certain satisfaction in having him around. Why? for the very reason that he can shout at him till blue in the face; and still Petitpoint will be as calm and composed as though nothing had happened. You can be sure that the Rondin Import Firm has lost more employees due to Rondin's bad temper than one could imagine. But Rondin can afford to hire new employees, that does not phase him in the least . . . still, Petitpoint is always there to witness Rondin's outbursts.

Thus you see, when it comes to personality, Petitpoint, is on the losing side.

Ah, there it is, almost five o'clock. But what is this? Rondin is shouting for Petitpoint to bring in a report: he could not have asked before? no! always at the last minute.

"Petitpoint! Come into my office, right away. Immediately!" There he goes, shoving his red face into the doorway. What a ridiculous figure of a man, so puffed up with his own importance. His pudgy beat-red face, spotted with a multitude of brown freckles — even his small brown eyes appear to be just two of his many freckles: the only difference is that they are always moving about, searching for this or that. He cannot say two words without barking them at you; but how subdued is he when, for instance Baron de Weltstein makes his majestic entry every so often.

I guess that by now, you can tell how sorry we feel for this lonely, little man — and for that matter, don't you? I told Marie about him, and she said why not invite him for supper, one of these days? But, I make it a point not to mix the office with my home. It

is better this way, it avoids all sorts of trouble, and besides, I am almost sure that Petitpoint would refuse. He does not have any friends and he seems to prefer his own company to that of any other. I might be wrong, but knowing him all these years, that is the impression he gives me — just watching him from so near.

Yes, I might be very wrong about Aristide Petitpoint, for who can really tell what goes on in the mind of that silent man?

Five o'clock.

"Bonsoir, Monsieur Petitpoint!"

"Bonsoir!"

But I must tell you about Mademoiselle Suzanne, the boss' secretary. She is not a pretty girl, by any means, but neat and reserved. She is forever pounding her typewriter and taking dictation: she is never idle and always punctual. In a way, she does resemble Petitpoint, only one would suspect that she is not as unsociable. I have seen her coming and going to lunch with the other girls, and her conversation is less limited. In fact, she does not mind asking for help or advise whenever she needs it — not so with Petitpoint. As for him, he seems to be oblivious to everything and anything about him, except to be ready to jump up whenever Rondin starts to bark.

Thus the months pass by. Same thing, day in, day out. But lately, something greatly puzzles me. I seem to detect a joyful expression on Petitpoint's usually expressionless face. What could it possibly be? This morning he greeted me with such a cheerful "bonjour": usually, it almost sounds like a grunt.

Well, I dismissed this question from my mind, and continued to busy myself with my work, only once in awhile letting my mind wander or looking at Petitpoint while he smiled to himself as he continued adding his eternal list of numbers.

Mademoiselle Suzanne is also very gay of late. Perhaps to someone else, it would not be apparent . . . but she comes in fluttering like a small bird, and talks so excitedly, for no reason at all. I have noticed also, that Monsieur Petitpoint has become aware of her presence. She, in turn, is always so polite and kind to him. I am under the impression that he is dreadfully afraid of women, and he takes shelter whenever he sees the enemy approaching — but Mademoiselle Suzanne could not possibly be attracted to such a man — she feels that perhaps it is her duty to be nice to this friendless soul.

Could it be after all that Rondin's secretary has fallen for that little man? I have never seen Petitpoint so alive as he is now, that is as alive as his nature will permit him. But he seems to walk swiftly toward some goal which he is anxious to reach. It puzzles me!

Even this morning, I saw the two of them walking to work together. And they left together at five. He seems to hang on to her every word, and indeed she does have many things to say to him.

I have gotten used to the idea by now. But I would never have dreamed that Petitpoint would succumb to any feminine charm! What a changed person he is. Love can really transform a mouse into a lion. I am just wondering if he will summon enough courage to ask her for her hand — he will probably write her a formal letter instead.



Illustrated by Claude Jordan

"Monsieur Petitpoint," I managed to ask, "you seem very happy lately! I hope it is some good news?"

"Ah, oui! in a way it is, I am rather hopeful it will be!" answered A. P. with a meaningful smile.

Indeed, Mademoiselle Suzanne must enjoy his company very much, or then again perhaps no one else listens so well as he does. Now I can understand why it is said that love is blind.

"Monsieur Petitpoint," I overheard her say, "I have something very important to say to you!"

Oh, how I wish you could have seen his face light up! I am sure he felt that seeing him so shy and awkward, she was going to take the matter in hand. Each woman has her way to get her man — and perhaps that was hers. But it still puzzled me to think what in the world she saw in him? I said — she was not a pretty girl, but she was quite attractive and could get a better bargain than Petitpoint.

So she was going to speak to him about that very important matter, as they would walk out together on the stroke of five. That is, provided Rondin would not keep either one after the hour; one could never be sure.

I watched Aristide Petitpoint from the corner of my eye, and saw how impatient he was for the day to be over. He watched the clock on the wall with anxious eyes, and whenever Mademoiselle Suzanne would wander into the room, his glance would be fixed adoringly upon her. I did not notice any looks of love in her eyes when she spoke to him; perhaps she did not want her feelings to show, or, then again, perhaps, I could not see it as Petitpoint did.

I can tell you frankly that I was happy for him. Everyone is entitled to a share of love and happiness, no matter what he may look like from the exterior. And I felt that after all these years of lonely living, Aristide Petitpoint was going to get his share, yes perhaps even become a new man. The next thing I expected him to do was to tell Rondin to go to the devil, which I myself (and the others, undoubtedly) would do if the opportunity presented itself.

Going home that night, I told Marie all about it. And I added that I expected the wedding to take place any day now. Petitpoint was not one to wait, not after all this time, and I felt sure he would look for a better place to work after telling Rondin

(not without a certain pride) that he was marrying his secretary: whereupon, Rondin would surely blow a gasket — (and perhaps fatally!!!).

It had rained the night before, and I got soaked to the very marrow coming home. I felt chilled and started to sneeze, but I paid no attention to it, so anxious was I to tell Marie all about the office romance. But in the morning, as I got up, I felt feverish and not well at all. I had caught a miserable cold from the rain, and now, there was no choice but to stay in till it passed. Of course, you can well imagine that I was most anxious to get to the office on that day, of all days, in order to be the first one to hear of the big announcement. But, you know how women are, they like to baby you until it almost drives you mad. Marie is no exception. She would not listen to reason. And thus, I had to remain at home. "C'est une honte, vraiment!"

This cold proved to be more serious than I would have thought. It lasted for the rest of the week. I fumed and raged at being shut-in, but to no avail. It is a good thing Marie is so understanding, she left me alone and did not say anything to contradict me in any way. I was glad though, when the week of confinement was over, and I guess she was too.

It is Monday once more. It means another week or work, same thing, day in, day out. Same faces, same comments, same everything — except for, yes, you know, Monsieur Petitpoint and Mademoiselle Suzanne. This is the big day. I expect that he will be all smiles and that he will say, "Monsieur, I do have very good news to tell you. I am getting married, and will soon leave this firm!" Of course, I will appear very surprised and will ask who the "lucky" girl is. He will answer: "Oh, I am certain you would never have guessed that it is no one else but Mademoiselle Suzanne!"

All these thoughts flashed into my mind as I rode up the elevator. The only thing that annoyed me was that, after all these days of absence, I would not be the first one to know the "good news." I would be getting it second-hand — perhaps by another employee who cared not a fig about either Petitpoint or Mademoiselle Suzanne. Nevertheless, I walked in with great expectation, though trying not to show it at all.

I sat down at my desk — and greeted Petitpoint with a very cheery "bonjour" . . . but he did not look up. He did not even grunt or

utter a sound. I wanted to ask: "et alors? et les bonnes nouvelles?" — but I could say nothing. Petitpoint still sat there oblivious of his surroundings . . . Rondin barked — and like an obedient dog with his tail under him, he got up, slowly, like he had always done until Mademoiselle Suzanne came to brighten up his dull existence. But why? yes why, was he not looking wonderfully happy? A future bridegroom should be walking on air, and certainly not making such a funereal face!

Pardean, one of the employees, approached me as my eyes followed the withdrawing shadowy figure of Petitpoint. He asked if I felt better . . . it seemed everyone, one by one, was getting a cold . . . he had just gotten over one . . . and what did I take as a remedy? . . . he continued on and on . . . how I wished the floor would suddenly open and swallow that bore. When I finally had the chance to get a word in edgewise, I managed to ask if anything new had happened while I was absent?

"Ma foi," he answered, "what could be new around here? Nothing ever happens that is worth relating" . . . on second thought he added: "unless, you can call 'news,' the fact that Mademoiselle Suzanne resigned. But then, they come and they go. Tomorrow it will be someone else."

"Ah!", I beamed, "what is it that made her leave? was it that she could no longer endure Rondin's outbursts, or did she get married, or what?"

"Well, if you really care to know . . . yes,

she left because she is going to get married. Well it is high time that I got back to my work. Glad to know that you are feeling better, mon vieux!"

With these words, Pardean left me to think about Mme. Suzanne's impending marriage. I found it strange that Petitpoint looked so very dejected. I noticed that his eyes were heavy as though he had not slept for days . . . he looked old and worn.

Is it not strange, the stories we make up about other people, simply by observing them closely? Yet how wrong can we be! What can we know about a stranger who never opens his heart to us? Yet I am sure that in his own silent and somewhat odd manner Aristide Petitpoint really loved Mademoiselle Suzanne. Now, I know that the important thing which she had to tell him was that she was going to be married — but not to him! She had always been a congenial listener to him, and nothing more, and he had been captivated by her gentleness to him which he mistook for love. For a while, Monsieur Petitpoint was a man who felt that life was a beautiful thing; he had something to live for, he had someone to love.

Poor pityful Petitpoint! now he is back at adding numbers . . . he speaks to no one . . . and does not even answer my greetings . . . to everyone else Petitpoint is still the same . . . no one talks about him or to him . . . he is, as ever, unimportant and unnoticed, "un drole de type!"

THE LEAST OF MY BRETHEN

*Dirty beggar in the street
Rattling pennies in a cup —
I turn my head
For I will not see
Your misery,
And yet I cannot turn too far
Or leave you there alone
For we share a common bond
That your pain is my own,
Dirty beggar in the street
You help my soul to see
That man is brother to the man
And I am kin to thee,
Keep rattling pennies in your cup
Make every man turn and see
That all his sins and sufferings
Are joined to your misery.*

By MARY BRENNAN '51

MUSINGS ON THE MUSES

By ANN FALLERT '55

Apologia pro Crucible

The present, not overly productive, theatrical season has witnessed an unaesthetic movement to assign propagandist motives to the very few substantial and serious dramas that have reached Broadway. The most conspicuous case is Arthur Miller's emotionally powerful play about the Salem witchcraft trials, "The Crucible." Here, the playwright is concerned with the breathtaking heroism and personal integrity displayed by some of the victims in the face of prejudiced and irrational persecution brought on by hearsay evidence and mass hysteria. Both professional and non-professional critics have taken the element of public bigotry from the basically non-political theme and together with such lines as "Are the accusers always holy now?" have seen in the play derogatory attempts to allegorize and parallel the present persistent political investigations of possible communists and fellow travelers. These critics insist on interpreting the meaning of the play as subjectively relative to contemporary events rather than as an objective artistic entity relative only to the other dramatic aspects of the work itself. Concerning the propagandist possibilities of drama, Mr. Miller declares that "Literature is a weapon, but not in the sense that Marxists, Fascists and our own 'Americanists' believe. . . . The only sure and valid aim — speaking of art as a weapon — is the humanizing of man."



Critical critics no longer immune

The once inviolable critics can no longer dissect and censure their targets without accounting to a higher power, the daring George Spelvin of "Theatre Arts" magazine, who criticizes their criticisms. Nothing is sacred to this intrepid antagonist. Inanities, ostentatiousness, labored clichés, embarrassing mistakes, and personal eccentricities are all exposed in Spelvin's high spirited, witty, and sometimes very pertinent column. I can just imagine the shaken critics seething with righteous rage in their besieged Circle. There is an intriguing mystery concerning the exact identity of this Spelvin. At one point he admitted that George Jean Nathan, in commenting on a fellow critic, "is no mean Spelvin himself. (Or IS he Spelvin?)." He ended that paragraph with the observation that the critic in question "hasn't got any readers — except, of course, George Spelvin Nathan." It could be that Spelvin is a pseudonym for Nathan, the most caustic of critics — it certainly would be logical.

Audio 3-D

The motion picture world is understandably elated over its discovery of cinematographic three-dimensional techniques; however, progress through a visual third dimension is not the only possible innovation, as radio has so successfully discovered. Recently, WQXR inaugurated a series of experimental Binaural broadcasts that produce sound with a wonderfully full and sonorous three dimensional quality. This is the way it works. The same program, usually musical, is simultaneously transmitted over A.M. and F.M. In order to receive it, one radio tuned to the A.M. station should be placed in a corner, facing toward the middle of the room, and another radio tuned to the corresponding station on the F.M. dial should be placed in the opposite corner. The approximate point at which the sound waves of the two radios intersect is the critical area where the Binaural reception is most acute. It's really a most amazing and satisfying experience. If you close your eyes, it's just like being in the concert hall. In one of the first broadcasts, sound effects, such as speeding trains, were used with almost frightening reality. You might look rather silly crawling around the middle of the floor trying to find the critical area, but it's really well worth it.



Off-Broadway and out of this world.

One of the most extraordinary strongholds of the dramatic art is the Provincetown Playhouse situated on MacDougal Street in the Village. This rare and quite bohemian establishment operates under the most unique theatrical conditions. The stage is ridiculously tiny, the backdrops, props, and costumes are makeshift, the lighting is unreliable (filters kept falling down into the audience), the crowded seats are uncomfortable, the air is hot and stuffy — but the play goes on and very well, too. The play I happened to see there was Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The acting may not have been faultless, but at least it was intense. However, despite the obvious spirit of dedication in the actors, some elements were unresistably funny. The part of the rakish and romantic Captain Ardale was mistakenly undertaken by a young man who would be more appropriate in a play about the garment district, and the leading man held down his genuinely long locks (called for by the part) with a multitude of bobby pins and unselfconsciously walked around in a dress suit whose too long trousers were rolled up and kept up by an obvious garter. But then — anything for the sake of art.



Opera in English? — Never!

The linguistic controversy concerning the Anglicization of foreign language libretti reached a new high this season due to the Metropolitan's production of several important translated operas. Prominent among them was Puccini's "La Boheme." After seeing the television version of the Met's production, I would unhesitatingly cast my vote with the con faction. The new English libretto by Howard Dietz was awful. It was not only English, but contrived, stultifying, rhymed English. It made the dialogue absurd and it made the once tender, poignant emotion silly and trite. The music, despite the distraction of trying to decipher the familiar but often inarticulate words sung by the characters, was, of course, still beautiful. But it is so much more beautiful when united with its natural complement of mellifluous, sensitive, and ardently expressive Italian. You certainly don't need literal English to understand the meaning of "La Boheme."

But English Opera — Certainly!

It's an entirely different case in respect to opera written in English, which should never be confused with the artistically distorted opera translated into English. The former legitimate art form is composed of instrumental and vocal music written specifically to fit and highlight the words, ideas, and nuances of an original English libretto. An excellent example of this kind of opera is Igor Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," set to a libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, which was staged by George Balanchine for its American premiere at the Met. last February. This beautifully integrated opera combined strikingly modern music with a contrasting artificiality of character and style which is characteristic of the period, 18th century England, in which it takes place. It is a type of morality fable, suggested by Hogarth's engravings, depicting the life of the weak Tom Rakewell who is torn between the love of his innocent sweetheart Anne Truelove, and the attractive worldly adventures offered by his Mephistophelean valet, Nick Shadow. The devil, of course, is defeated in the end, but only after he has provided some vivid operatic material.



Guinness Gets Girl!

It seems that New York is never lacking at least one imported Alec Guinness comedy vehicle. The current one, playing at the Fine Arts, is "The Promotor," a rather contrived and on the whole not particularly funny account of a poor solicitor's clerk who works himself up, entirely by his natural wits, to fame, fortune and the position of town mayor. The hero, Denry (Edward Henry) Machin exhibits an odd combination of financial shrewdness and social ingenuousness which Guinness at times, but not often, converts into hilarity through his grimaces, mannerisms and delightful comic style. For the first time in his motion picture career, he gets the girl in the end. Perhaps comedy was sacrificed for the sake of successful romance. I liked it better the other way.

LITTLE BIG HORN

By GERALDYNE FLYNN '53

Near the broad bluffs of the Black Hills, nestled among the twin boulders of Three Mile Creek, camped the mighty Sioux Nation. As far as the eye could see, rawhide tipis sat uneasily on the gashed brown earth, beneath the unearthly silence of rural night. And within a bear skin hogan, sat Red Cloud, greatest of the Sioux, cross-legged before a council fire. Before him, ringed round the glowing embers like solemn spruce, crouched the leaders of the Indian Nations — the knob-headed Crows, the Blackfeet, the Sequoyas, the slit-eyed Shoshone and the vicious Apaches.

Eye met eye across the fire — all waited for counsel from him — all expected wisdom — all wanted war.

As Red Cloud looked into the brown copper faces, he searched for a crevice or cranny through which he could break through their wall of beaten metal. No; they were of one mind against him — to drive the white man back and reclaim the land where they once reigned supreme. Even now the monotonous beat of the birch bark war drums thumped outside his tent. And the low wailing of the squaws, for braves about to die, echoed in the night. He knew by instinct, rather than by sight, that naked warriors were painting their bodies with the red and yellow dyes of lichen roots, or whetting their knives to sink silently into human scalps. The drum beat would quicken and urge the taut muscular bodies to slaughter and thirst for revenge. At dawn, they would mount rugged ponies and ride down to the Little Big Horn to fight Long Hair — the hated Custer.

Suddenly, Crazy Horse, (King of the Ogala), Prince of all the Apaches, rose and with the lithe movement of a panther, raised his tomahawk above his head and sank it in the earth before Red Cloud's feet. He was like a young bull, breathing hard, the tough sinuous muscles rippling along his thighs. Red, dog dung marked his deep chest like saber cuts on the bronze flesh. He threw erie shadows on the wall of the tepee: shadows which were themselves a challenge because they seemed like many men quivering with wrath and savage fury.

He was young and his words were the speech of youth.

"Red Cloud has the heart of a squaw," he began with a screech and his words bubbled out — swift, hot words and there was inflexible hate in the low voice. "Can he forget that the white man has always spoken with a forked tongue. That he has made treaty after treaty and kept none, while the Indian has never broken any. How he has ruined the plain with his plow, so that neither the deer nor the buffalo will return to the sea of grass; how he killed our braves in his lust for gold. The young and old cry for food that the earth will not give. GuichiManito has turned His face from us because we allow the white invader and the pony soldier to rule the land that was once our forefathers'. Perhaps he forgets how the Paleface brought death to his father's hogan and left Red Cloud the sole son of all Iron Teeth's children. And proud Red Cloud had to beg for food. Crazy Horse can not forget, he won't forget. He will forever teach his tribe and the children of his tribe to hate these enemies who have taken their land. Let all know that Crazy Horse has spoken thus."

The young brave then seated himself among the other chiefs, satisfied that his speech caused a murmur of dissention among the lords of the council.

Red Cloud looked at him steadily with eyes that were heavy with fatigue. No light burned in them. Though the boy's words stung like a bull whip and there was insult in every line, his face did not change with surprise or question, or his lips twist in anger. Visions of bygone days rose before his eyes, drifting like wispy vapors from the ravine along White Clay Creek. Days when the Indian women sang no sad songs, instead sat weaving blankets, making pottery or working the peaceful incidents of their men's bravery into the hide of buffalo skins. He turned his mind to when, as a child, he followed his mother down the fresh-cut furrows of red South Dakota clay. The moist, famished earth, waiting upturned for the corn and lima bean seeds, showed pinkish on the sandy tops of knolls, blood-colored, vermillion and coral in the grooves of harrowed fields. This earth that always remained a mystery to him: earth that was red as gore but could suddenly turn to the yellow,

black or white of the salt flats or the vari-colored gorges. Land that burst into corn tassled fields or dark river swamps like foam tipped waves breaking on the surf. A land of contrasts, harsh sun, cool shadows — land of plenty where buffalo moved in dense brown humps across the central plain. He had never ceased to thrill at the sight of morn, the sun rising over the virgin forest pushing restless fingers through the moist curling yews. He could feel its warm rays seep down into his bones, and he would call to his mother, "Look." And Pale Moon would smile at him and say, "Now, the corn will come soon."

Then to his memory came the echoes of Colts and Winchesters. He relived the scene of white men setting fire to the camp. Whoever escaped the burning lodges was cruelly slaughtered before they could reach the horses. And the lodges — there was no need to burn them, only women and children were huddled inside. He would never forget the sight of Colonel Chivington, dragging his father's body behind two horses. The confusion — the smoke, the vague picture of Pale Moon's mutilated form lying in the dust.

He escaped then, but they always came onward, firm booted feet, across the gullies of Deadwood and the Powder River country. Soon the stagecoach rocked and swayed across the prairie and the slow turning wheels of the covered wagons lifted deep dust and gutted hard ridges along the Oregon trail. They cut down his beloved forests, dark and cool even in the hottest noon, and left gaunt, bare land — a heritage of civilization. The antelope or elk no longer had sanctuary and wandered across barren lands. The strong attacked the weak, while the weak waited for the weaker to die — the White Man was everywhere.

When winter came, the last of the leaves fell from bare trees: the rutted red fields were frozen to rock and hunger rode the winds through the Big Horns. Now their food was a problem. For a while, snares trapped small

animals and each tepee shared what it had. But soon, too soon, there was nothing else to snare. Everywhere Red Cloud looked, pinched, hungry faces stared at him, mutely begging for food. And his people died. He felt he could avoid war no longer. Hate smouldered in the campfires and scared the minds of his people. The braves wanted to fight; because they wanted to eat and live.

And instinct, strong than reason, told him he would have to fight.

Until now, he could withstand the treacheries of the white man, the broken treaties, even the flagrant insults of the Indian commissioners at Fort Laramie, when he went to draw up peace plans with the Great White Father of Washington. Why? Because he wanted education for his people. Three times he asked the President for the Blackrobes and the Sisters to open a mission school for his children.

As a youth, he remembered the kindly bearded man in the black cassock at Pine Ridge. Father De Smet taught the people about GuichiManito who brought the gentle rain, and knew the flight of the smallest swallow. Iron Teeth had spoken of the value of the missionaries and Red Cloud felt they were the only white men you could trust. Until they came to his people, he thought he could remain friends with the treacherous Paleface; ignore his forked tongue.

But the Blackrobes never came! Red Cloud pleaded with deaf ears in the East. Each moon he watched the Iron Horse puff its way through the rocky pass, circling muddy Three Mile Creek, between tall pointed cliffs and each day it brought no word — no Blackrobes. In his last appeal, he concluded with these words, "Send us the Blackrobes. Three times now since the days of General Grant we ask."

Then GOLD — the precious metal that drove the Paleface mad, was discovered in the rocky steepes of the Black Hills and in the yellow caverns of Deadwood. Overnight, miners' shacks mushroomed like blisters on scorched earth; shovels and pans bit deep into the foothills and belched forth dirty brown water; from the camps seeped sickness and roaring epidemic which killed the Redman quicker than rifle or arrow. And in the forays of drunken miners, he relived that same nightmare over again . . . the chaos, the smoke — the vague picture of Pale Moon's mutilated form lying in the dust. . . . Finally like a Bowie thrust, the pioneer's path

streaked across the parched mesa of the Powder River country, severing the hunting ground in two . . . the last remaining virgin ground, the property the government promised to the Indians.

Yes, Crazy Horse might protest that the Paleface fought and grabbed their land for gold, but he was wrong. Men, red or white, no matter what their color, fought for rolling hills and green colored fields, for chalky salt flats or muddy rivers that struggled through deserts and were cool amid willows. These were the only worthwhile things, the generous land which gave abundantly no matter who the master; that would continue bearing for the master's sons and their sons' sons.

The young warrior could not anticipate like Red Cloud the collapse of their civilization. He was like the old men of the village who smoked their peace pipes and looked down a vista of placid years, filled with dreams of continued roaming. Even if they did ride to victory over the Long Hair at dawn, Red Cloud realized the Sioux victories would be as short-lived as the heat lightning that flickers in timid flight behind the sawtoothed mountains of the Big Horns. The white man wanted the land, and he would keep pushing the red men backward, or east them aside on unwanted lands.

To save the name of the Sioux, Red Cloud knew he must fight.

He rose and his full six feet filled the congested space before the fire. Long shadows

shaded bones that jutted high in his cheeks and the burnt out sockets that were his eyes. He lifted his right hand that held an eagle's wing — symbol of his authority; and spoke these words which suggested the tragedy of his people.

"Lords of the Council Fire, you have all cast the pebble of War. You know my heart, it is sad. I am tired of fighting. All my braves are dead. Sitting bull is dead. It is cold and we have no fire, no blankets. Our little children are crying for food, but we have none to give. Yet to protect our home, to keep what we have, we must fight the fight that will eventually end in defeat. Today, the Sioux will drive the Long Hair and his pony soldiers back across the hill. But hear me, my chiefs, when the victory turns into the dull red of sunset. From where the sun now stands Red Cloud will fight no more."

At these words, Crazy Horse and the others ran from the tent, savage screams issued from their lips. But Red Cloud remained and once more raised his arms towards heaven in supplication.

"Oh, Guichi-Manito," he cried, "Let this war end the wars of my people. Send us peace. Make the land so abundant that the sons of the Paleface and the Sioux children of Guichi-Manito may live together without hate."

With that he raced from the hogan and the sound of eight thousand hooves churned the silence of the dawn.

SATIRICAL DEAN

By DOROTHEA CASEY '53

In a quiet garden, in Moor Park, Dean Swift was conversing with a friend, Dr. Young. Suddenly, he looked up, pointed at a tree and said: "I shall be like that tree: I shall die on top."

Six years later, he died on top of the literary word, and his works, like the leaves of a tree, are revived every time a child reaches the age of *Gulliver's Travels*.

This particular work was meant to be the bitterest of satires against the foibles of mankind. But children receive small doses of it every night, before going to bed, and are thus made immune to the poison of its blows. In-

stead of becoming contaminated by it, they laugh at the antics of the Lilliputians and worry about poor Gulliver's safety in the hands of the Brobdingnags.

Mention *Gulliver's Travels* to any adult and immediately he thinks of his nursery days and of Gulliver as an old friend as outgrown as his Teddy Bear, trains, dolls and other childish toys. But he'll know nothing about its biting satire and the satire found in the other works of Jonathan Swift.

His earliest works were written while he was still a young man, but already Swift

demonstrated his ironic genius. The earliest, *Tale of a Tub*, attacked the abuses of religion in its main plot, but in its digressions, which are the masterpiece of the tale, he attacked the various literary absurdities and affectations which nobody objects to seeing roughly handled. *Tale of a Tub* illustrates the petty vanity of human nature which makes a deity out of the tailor and takes the whole universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything and similarly explains everything down to man who is just a micro-coat or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings. The three brothers, Peter, Martin and Jack, have inherited from their father, each the coat of true religion, and the theme of the piece is their treatment of it. Peter is seduced by worldly ambition to add to the coat all sorts of bedizements and trumpery ornaments. Martin and Jack at last awake to the errors into which they have been led, and proceed to remove the ornaments. Jack violently and with grave damage to the coat: Martin, after the first burst of anger, cautiously and judiciously. In all, this book displays rapidity of mind and vehemence, vivacity of diction and a copiousness of images. It is written with such enjoyment of the play of irony and such an indulgence in wit, or on the other hand, with such contempt of the ways of the world and occasionally with such doubled-edged scorn that the reader is carried along on a buoyant tide of wit that makes him regret putting the book down.

His other early work, *The Battle of Books*, contains an interesting account of the fight between the Ancients and the Moderns, in the halls and shelves of St. James Library. It is the transition from a would-be poet to an artist whose true medium was prose, yet who had developed in the practice of verse the skill of fertile illustration, a power which never left him. Indeed the best piece of analogy is the fable between the bee and the spider. The Moderns are the spider, fixed in one place and spinning the web out of its own entrails: the Ancients are the bee ranging over all nature, filling his hive with honey and wax, and so furnishing mankind with the two noblest things: sweetness and light. Its satire is mainly literary. It is fluent, witty and diverting; sometimes stinging but never biting.

Swift's most famous work, *Gulliver's Travels*, is a most brilliant and biting satire, attacking the pettiness of human nature and ridiculing philosophers and scientists. In it, Swift uses the weapons he has mastered:

parody, raillery and irony and he made use of his worldly experience to create a masterpiece. In Lilliput, the traveler looks down upon these insectile creatures and finds in them every vice. In Brobdingnag, he looks up at mountains of blood and flesh and finds them dull and animals. In Laputa, he sees the preposterous lengths the intellect will go, when not disciplined by wisdom. Finally, in the land of the Houyhnhnms, he learns to view his own kind in their light, so that when he returns to his native land, he finds his family odious to him. No more savage book was ever written, but being Swift's, it is clear and ingenious. It is the final and most complete satire by this moralist. That is the reason so many people are disturbed by it. However, it offers personal and political satire to the readers of high life; low, coarse incident to the vulgar; marvels to the romantic; wit to the young and lessons of morality to the grave.

His method, which he developed while writing these satires, has proved so effective that it has been copied. His keen irony was aroused by the unjust treatment given to the Irish by the British. It was impulse to strike back, so he used the only weapon he knew: the pen. He exposed these evils by setting up a monstrous imposition against them and defending the latter with such ironical seriousness, thoroughly containing malicious and contemptuous feeling, so that one wonders if it was written with reforming zeal. Swift never looks round, nor lets us, if he can help it, to see what objections can be made. He prefers to march straight ahead, attacking directly down the middle, dividing his enemies to the left and right, passing through them unharmed but leaving them to their utter destruction. His wit was always rightly intended (though not always so directed) delightful in many instances and salutary even where it was most offensive.

His style suited his method. It is grave, nervous and self-restrained, never florid or circumlocutory. It is calm, cold and unimpassioned. He has the gift of unrivalled clearness of language, which puts before the reader the whole truth of the matter, unsoftened by any drapery of words. His works are written with great force and interpidity. Nowhere can there be found such effective literary dynamite.

Satirist extraordinary was Swift, with a method of direct attack written in a clear, concise style, a true man of letters.

AGAPE

*Sing out my soul
Of love for him
Whose love uplifts me,
And sends me whirling,
Soaring through the corridors
Of time and space;
Who fills my being
With such ecstasy
That I know not earth
In time I must return
But still his love
Goes with me
That I might bear
The cares of life
More easily.*

DOROTHEA CASEY '53

WALL STREET

*Night
fall!
Salt Battery winds
Whistle 'round
Tall buildings,
Which stand as gray shadows
Against an eboned infinity.
Streetlamps
Cast reflections —
A pleasant blending
Of grays and blacks,
Unto a cool pavement.
At City Hall.
A clock chimes —
Intruder in the stillness.
It heralds
A materialistic world,
Soon to disturb this tranquility.*

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

RAPTURE

*The mists rose up,
Like the filmy veils
Of Salome dancing,
And flung their danty arms
About the sunbeams
And in their love
Became absorbed
Into their Lord.
The Sun.*

DOROTHEA CASEY '53

"WOMAN IS THE LESSER MAN"

Continued from Page 18

realize that education does not produce genius, but merely brings it to the fore, and provides a suitable environment for its operation. There have been enough men who have displayed genius without the crutches of good environment and education to successfully disprove this theory. Men such as Socrates, St. Paul, Dickens and da Vinci were able to rise over the most adverse circumstances and leave their marks upon the culture of the world. Therefore, we cannot categorically conclude that woman has not created because of a lack in her education or environment.

The only significant explanation will have to be sought in the different characters of the two sexes. Is the difference between man and woman merely physical? Is it not possible that woman was meant to be the *complete* complement of man? Certainly, it is conceivable that in God's plan one personality was intended to fulfill the intellectual lack in the other. Such a scheme would not imply any inferiority in either sex but merely differences in methods of thought and interests.

A comparison of man and woman will reveal a decided balance between the two. It is certainly inaccurate to call the males "lords of reason" and the females the "serfs of emotion," but it is true that man relies greatly upon deductive reasoning while the female looks to inductive intuition for solutions. Intuition is described as the process of forming judgments without prolonged deliberation or hesitation. Women tries to feel her judgments and plunges her "feelers" to the core of the matter at hand, while the male is slower, more methodical, more critical of his own conclusions and less verbose about them. Man is abstract and interested in causes, while woman is practical and concerned with results. Woman is often considered the realist of life because of her dislike of such things as idealistic Utopias and absolute laws. Woman is greatly interested in details and her acute powers of observation are well known. (It has even been observed that some women correspond almost completely by postscript.)

In direct contradiction to woman's dislike of anything impractical is her highly developed sense of imagination. (Pope was right when he said that "woman's at best a contradiction.") This interest in the imaginative is a direct outcome of woman's emotional nature. Certainly, she is more emotional than man and this feeling covers every action of her life — even her thinking. She is prone to daydreaming, bestsellers and religion. God to woman is not merely a Prime Mover or a First Cause but rather a living, breathing, personal Creator. Man is liable to spend more time proving the existence of God than in loving Him.

Another evidence of woman's emotional nature is her decided lack of a genuine sense of humor. Woman is too personal, too subjective, too practical to honestly laugh at herself as a man can. However, she is well able to thoroughly enjoy the humor of others. In the great body of the world's humorous literature, the vast majority of authors are men. We have never yet had a single great female wit.

In concluding this comparison, we can say that where woman is subjective, instinctive, and emotional, man is objective, rational, and analytical. These differences are not absolute and do not suggest that the male is never emotional or the female is never rational. But rather these are the *dominant* traits of the two sexes. And it is easy to see that these are fundamental characteristics that will be forever unchanged by education or environment.

It is interesting now to consider why woman's mind is the way it is. It is not any concern to us what woman could do in the creative arts IF — but rather what she has done and will continue to do within the potentialities of her nature. It has been said that woman has the physical power of creativity and to

compensate for this man has been given the ability to create mentally. However, woman has not been denied all part in the world's original works. There has never been a man of genius who has not owed a debt of gratitude to some woman — mother, wife, sister or lover. For centuries, woman has been a source of inspiration for man and the subject matter of some of his greatest literature. In addition, woman has provided conditions favorable for man's creativity. She has supervised every detail in his physical needs so that man could dedicate himself to the things of the mind. She has raised his children and made his home and in return has been immortalized by his poetry.

Woman has been, too, a patient listener and a constructive critic as well as a gentle inspiration and a practical provider. Woman's versatility alone has been a serious hindrance in any of her plans to specialize in genius. For any creative work requires the absolute centering of one's attention on a single goal. Woman is frequently diverted by the unimportant side issues and forgets the main goal. But she will argue (perhaps illogically) that these details are so much more interesting! In addition, creativity requires a great deal more of the physical as well as mental effort. Many writers and thinkers tell of the "pleasant torture" that accompanies their artistic efforts. Since woman is not physically as strong as man, she is decidedly limited in the amount of physical effort that she can expend.

In conclusion, it can be said that woman is man's intellectual as well as his physical complement and is, in this way, completely fulfilling God's plan in creating her. This does not imply that woman can never create intellectually or never contribute anything of worth to the world's culture. But rather it means that she should not be too worried if she fails to equal man's "genius." It also means that the world must realize that woman cannot be judged by man's yardstick. At its best, woman's intellect will never be a carbon copy of man's, but will still supplement the lack in her partner's personality. Alone, neither is self-sufficient. Together, working in harmony, they are magnificent.

"WHEN I TALK OF WOMEN"

Continued from Page 19

For unrecorded ages, man has dominated woman. Perhaps, originally, his superior physical strength gave him the advantage. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there was proscribed for woman a certain range of activity and certain areas of development. These centered about her maternal and reproductive functions. Trite as it may sound, woman's place was believed to be within the four walls of her home. To man, on the other hand, was thrown open the whole world — to be his oyster if he wished! With his enlarged environment came stimulation, experience, knowledge, and a need for power. Not so to the woman in her curtailed existence. For many centuries, her activity was guided by the proverb, "A woman should leave her home but three times — when she is christened, when she is married, and when she is buried!"

Further, there developed a simple division of type of labour, of attitudes, of responsibilities, and of the very virtues between man and woman. Innovation, experiment, creation, and production — these were relegated to the masculine sphere. His was the world of art and literature and science. How natural, therefore, that he has dominated them! How conceivable that he should become "objective, rational, and analytical!" Doesn't a quality develop in proportion to its use?

But the woman! A society, we know, is molded by its inherited culture; and *what* did tradition bequeath to the keeper of the home fires? Charlotte Perkins, perhaps too ardent a feminist, considering the household arts, undoubtedly, maintains she was permitted only "the most primitive of occupations."

Unlike an hydraulic drill, social force cannot move mountains, but it can and does most effectively move humanity. The vast majority of women, therefore, accepted the backstage role apportioned them by the mores: after all, what we are used to we do without notice. As a case in point, was it very long ago that Harriet Martineau hid her writing beneath her sewing, because she understood that to write was a masculine verb, to sew, feminine?

Therefore, we argue, that throughout history, woman has been socially conditioned to abstain from what was deemed masculine. From the ever-growing human impulse to create, from the power and will to make, to do, to express ones spirit in new form, she has been debarred.

It has been admitted that the educational facilities available to men have not been offered to women. This is an understatement!

References to the education of girls in ancient times are, to say the least, obscure. The reason — no respectable girl would submit to so unfeminine a process as education. When we realize, then, that our institutions derive from Hellas, the domestic niche carved for woman by the ancients provides much food for thought. The tradition continued down at least until the nineteenth century, secure upon its pseudo-logical foundation. For if woman were to form no part of the wider world, what need was there that she be trained for such participation?

The point has been made that "music and art have long occupied prominent positions in (woman's) educational curriculum." We make the further point that women have long not had an educational curriculum!

But, it is argued, education is not the *sine qua non* for cultural achievement. There is here a sizable difference of opinion and perhaps a misunderstanding of terms. Formal education, it is true, is not essential to the workings of genius: yet education in the broader sense of self-development, experience, and contact with a broadening environment is necessary. If it were not, we might conceivably find the Bushmen of Australia, isolated to date from all advanced civilizations, dwelling, as yet, in windbreaks, and manufacturing — if we may apply the term — a single product, the "digging stick": if it were not, we might expect to find these primitive people advancing an improved theory of nuclear fission.

It is a simple matter, therefore, to explain why woman is "subjective, instinctive, and emotional." Sentiment and emotion, considered the correlatives of the maternal function, have been designated traditionally to be her field. A woman is *expected* to reason inductively, to color her thought with feeling tone, to act intuitively — and so she does! The average woman — like the average man — will rise to the social pressure!

So thorough has been the psychological process of conditioning, that woman, herself, has believed this to be the right order of things. This is quite understandable. For it is what we see immediately around us, what he are born into, and grow up with, that we consider natural. From its birth, the child is made conscious of the different social roles allotted to the sexes. Boys and girls are dressed differently, taught to behave differently, encouraged along different lines, and led down variant avenues of thought. For a single, if ludicrous example, take the case of the little boy told to protect the girl child, who at that age is generally larger and stronger than he.

After examining the case, we find an instance of rationalization, pure and simple. This is the situation, so the argument runs: it seems to be the natural order of things — let's conclude, therefore, that woman was *meant* to be the complete complement of man.

However, the facts will not support the theory. Only physically, as his partner in the process of race-preservation, is woman a complement of man. For the equally important process of self-preservation — particularly in its offshoot of self-development — the two sexes have been provided with identical mental facilities. These impulses to self-development, then, are asexual, the impulses to creative, to produce, to communicate — they are neither male, nor female, but human impulses. And woman, surprisingly enough, is human!

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